February 8, 1975

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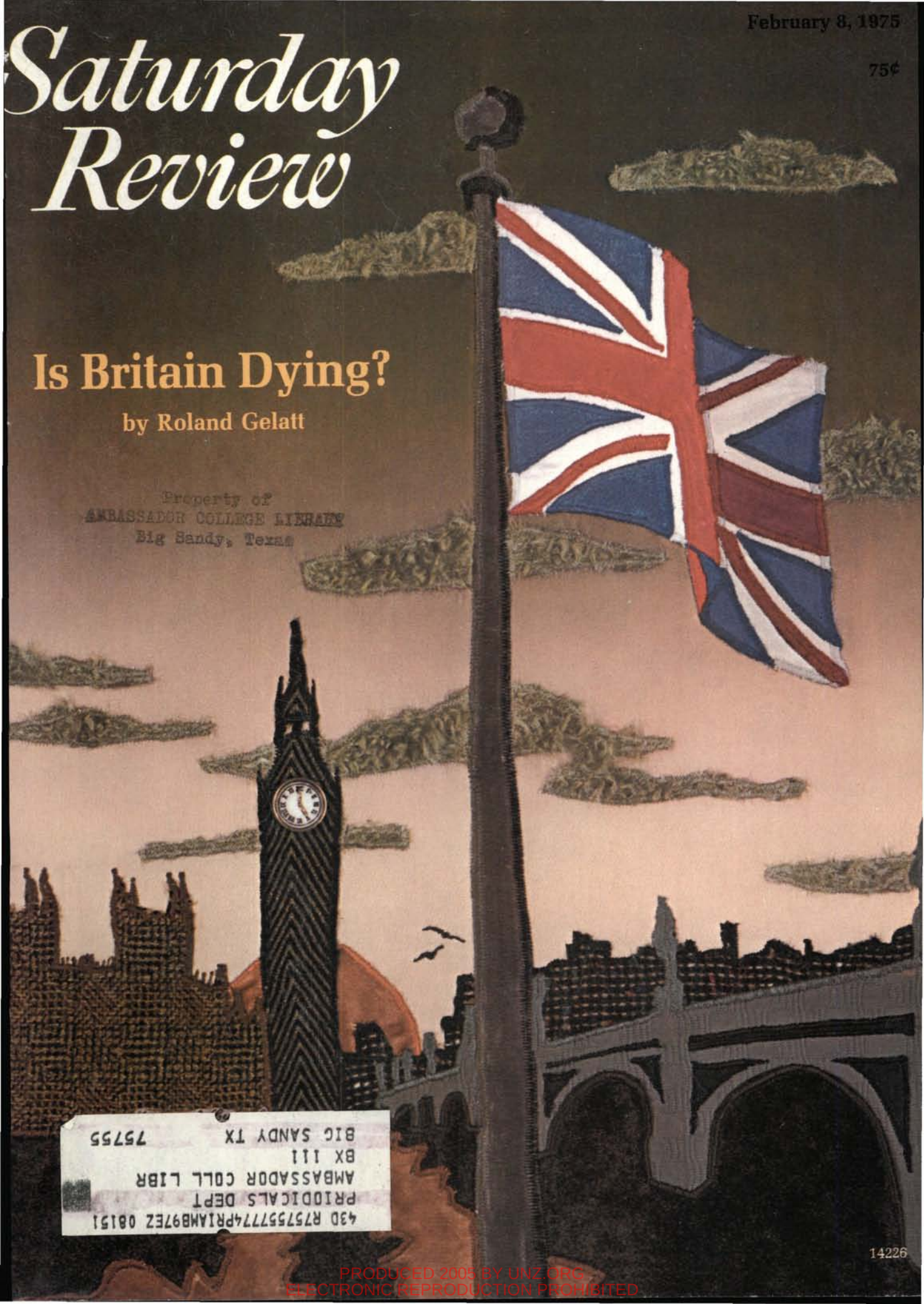
Saturday Review



Is Britain Dying?

by Roland Gelatt

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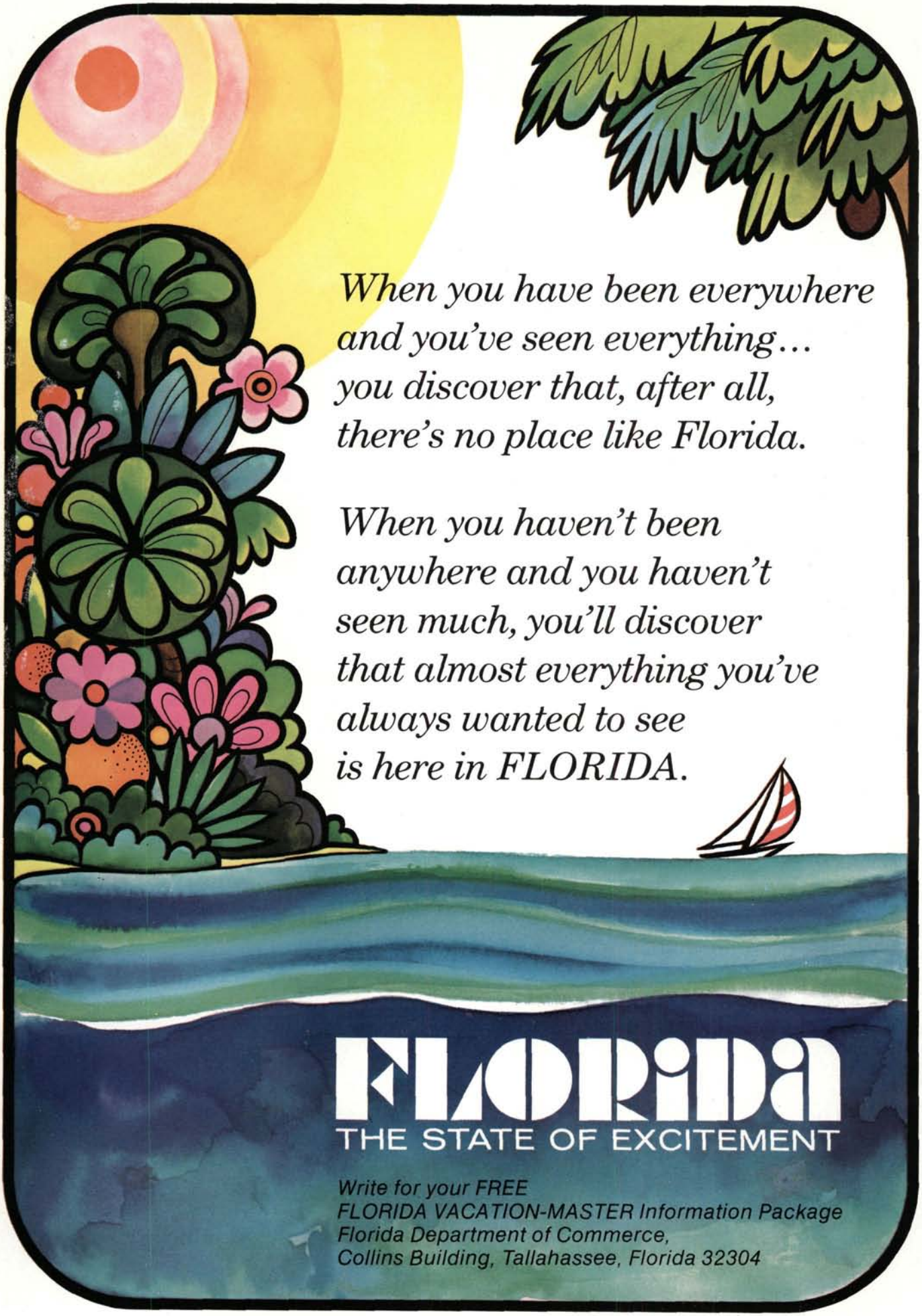
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Cloaks-and-Daggers and the U.S. Constitution

There was an instant flare-up of public opinion when it became known that the C.I.A. engaged in illegal undercover operations inside the United States, violating the rights of American citizens guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution. Why should there not be equal indignation over the violations by the C.I.A. of the rights of citizens of other countries? Indeed, what about the entire range of foreign undercover operations of the C.I.A.? For example, C.I.A. interference in the elections of other countries? What about the hundreds of millions of dollars spent in military operations abroad in direct violation of American constitutional government?

Are such questions to be ignored? Where did the notion originate that we had the right to decide what governments should remain in power and for how long? Who gave Americans the authority to set aside the political and human rights of other people whenever we thought it might be in our national interest to do so?

The fact that we did not foresee the problems that were inherent in a super-secret agency operating with unvouchered funds is a commentary on the apparent ease with which we can depart from the basic principles of Constitutional government.

The C.I.A. was created during the Truman administration in the late Forties. The wartime partnership between the United States and the Soviet Union had come unstuck. Joseph Stalin was more interested in fomenting revolutionary upheaval all over the world than in maintaining a post-war alliance with the United States. President Truman was persuaded that the best way to counteract the undercover apparatus of the Soviet Union was to operate one of our own.

The tragic fallacy out of which the C.I.A. was established was that it could operate completely outside the Constitution without damaging Constitutional government. The fallacy was perpetuated and enlarged in the way the C.I.A. was funded year after year without public scrutiny.

IN CREATING THE C.I.A., Congress may genuinely have believed that a wall of separation could be constructed between a clandestine agency's actions abroad and its actions at home. But the highest executives of the U.S. government didn't believe it. President Lyndon B. Johnson obviously didn't believe it when he sanctioned the spying on Sen. Barry Goldwater during the election campaign of 1964. (The spy was Howard Hunt, who was later to be a key figure in the Watergate scandals.)

When President Richard M. Nixon and his top aides felt the need to cover up White House involvement in Watergate, they almost instinctively turned to the C.I.A. The fact that C.I.A. officials did not acquiesce in these efforts is a tribute to their integrity. The episode nonetheless highlights the danger that a President could use his appointive powers to rig the top jobs in the C.I.A. in order to smooth the way for his personal or political use of the agency. For the signal fact is not that President Nixon and his aides were unsuccessful in exploiting the C.I.A. but that they thought they could do so. It runs counter to history to expect that all Presidents will resist the tremendous advantages offered by an undercover agency operating with virtually unlimited funds and no direct public accountability.

Apart from matters of personal advantage, Presidents can be falsely persuaded about matters of national security involving the C.I.A. On coming to office, John F. Kennedy was informed of a scheme in progress for overthrowing the Castro government in Cuba. He sanctioned the Bay of Pigs operation based on the confident assurances of the planners that thousands of Cubans would rise up to overthrow the regime. The President pulled back from the venture as soon as he realized the extent of the miscalculation. Next came American involvement in the assassination of President Diem of South Vietnam. The fact that Diem was complicating U.S. policy became so vexatious that we could not resist the temptation to go along with the scheme for his murder.

Most defenders of the C.I.A. recognize that some adjustments must now be made in the operations of the agency to bring it more in line with the original intention. But they are fearful that if the restrictions are too severe, the United States will be at a disadvantage alongside the Soviet Union and China in maneuverings that figure in the complicated struggle for a world balance of power. What they seem to forget is that our position in the world today depends less on a manipulated balance-of-power strategy than on our ability to earn and keep the respect and goodwill of the world's peoples. The kind of leadership we demonstrate in coping with famine, homelessness, and hopelessness will have more to do with America's place in the world than any successes we may score in imitating the terrifying schemes of ideologies we profess to despise. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

A Cornucopia of Confidence

. . . The history of the world is strewn with periods when the flame of human spirit burned low, only to be rekindled by the optimism of leadership. No one would argue that the Chinese, despite past generations of economic pallor and political upheaval, are today without a future. The United States is still today the most prosperous and democratic of all nations, and, assuming the proper leadership, our future could not be brighter. . . .

What we are experiencing is a period of adjustment to not only two and a half decades of economic growth never before matched in the world but also the depression of spirit and confidence that naturally accompanies a recognition of changing political and economic alliances throughout the world. What we must encourage is political and economic leadership to take advantage of these changes, rather than allow ourselves to be buffeted by them.

The very essence of the United States has been a motivation based on optimism in the face of adversity—a mystique as it were. We forget that this nation was born out of adversity and forged on the anvil of half a dozen wars and a major economic decline.

Financial disaster has always befallen those people in the United States who bet against our technological and innovative resources. The automobile and airplane solved our mammoth transportation problems, and the buggy whip is no more. Computers and electronics solved our growing communications and calculations problems and created entire new industries and employment opportunities for our economy. The development of new sources of energy should be a relatively easy task for a nation that rose from a depression to victory in World War II in only five years.

But even if we do not find new sources of energy, our existing capabilities in such fields as nuclear power should help to solve many of our energy problems. Though more than 25 years have gone by since the development of nuclear power, it now provides less than 4 percent of our needs. Furthermore, the United States continues to have half of the world's known reserves of coal, in addition to petroleum reserves.

What is clearly lacking is not sources of energy but sources of human innovation and leadership.

David J. Mahoney
Chairman of the Board
Norton Simon, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

. . . Unquestionably, we are in a period in which we as a nation appear to be badly disillusioned in our political leadership, deeply pessimistic about the future, and suffering from a degree of resignation to a seemingly steadily deteriorating situation. Nor are these attitudes confined to this country; they are increasingly prevalent throughout the developed world. We are facing apparently insoluble problems, and we are experiencing the growing frustrations that all too often beset the man on a white horse. The threat of a resurgence of authoritarianism in the Western world is very great. . . .

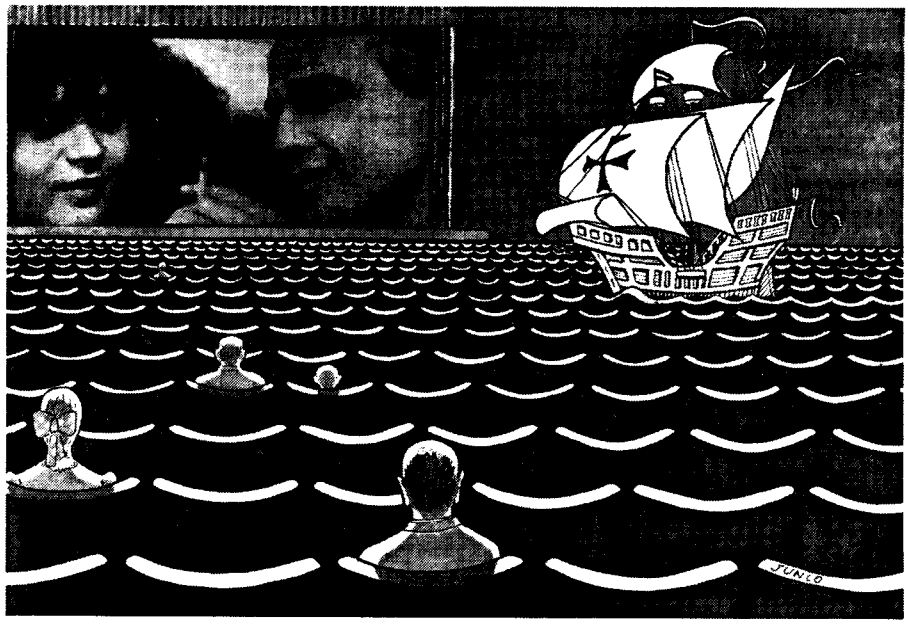
Unfortunately, we spend too little time focusing in an orderly fashion on some of these basic questions. We succumb instead to pressures of work on a more superficial level and to the apparent necessity for constant action in the face of our modern frenetic pace of life. . . .

The basic problem does not rest with institutions; it rests with individuals—most specifically their goals, motivations, perspectives, and prejudices. . . . Somehow the peoples and nations of the world must be educated to understand that if the world is to survive as a place where mankind can aspire to an even better life, then the luxuries of the past—war, greed, self-interest, and exploitation of others—must be abandoned. . . . We can no longer live in isolation from the problems of any other man or any other nation. We are, as a people and as a nation, wholly interdependent. We must realize, accept, and act in full awareness of this fact. We have the institutions we need to achieve our goals, but they can be effective only when there exists the will to use them properly.

Action is as American as apple pie and motherhood. *Introspection* carries a pejorative connotation. Since the time of the Founding Fathers, our history has been one of steady economic growth, success, and mission accomplishment. Now we are faced on all sides by no-win propositions and compromises that appear unacceptable. Our fundamental tenets are constantly challenged. We must recognize that they cannot be immutable. I am hopeful that there is increased awareness regarding the necessity for intellectual change. . . .

In the last few years, a remarkable shift in population growth has occurred from the cities to certain rural areas; it has mystified the demographers. . . . Some realities are finally being accepted. Above all, there is new emphasis on simplicity, basic values, and matters of the mind. . . .

I do not despair about the human future. Should the world in the immediate



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future revert to the dark days of the Thirties, I am certain that mankind will rise to the challenge and emerge strengthened by adversity. If one reviews the course of mankind in this century, the net progress is enormous. It will continue to be, but only if we as individuals, communities, or nations never cease struggling to assure that it is.

Barbara M. Watson, Administrator
Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs
Department of State, Washington, D.C.

...Human capacity for problem-solving is probably infinite. But instead of matching wits with social disaster, each of us is caught up in the pursuit of ends that are personal and immediate and frequently in conflict with the next fellow's objectives. Thus societal goals, even when generally agreed to, are secondary, and where obvious conflict exists—as in the case of depletion of natural resources for financial gain—irreparable damage can be inflicted before individual actions are finally curbed in the interest of the group. In addition to being preoccupied with personal achievement, we seem unable to accept the necessary tradeoffs endemic to social problem-solving: less inflation at the price of increased unemployment; lowered real incomes in return for an improved environment; greater stability, even if stability entails some control....

If educators and the media would concentrate on explaining alternative courses of action rather than wringing their hands, the public would come to accept a solution that, while not maximizing everything, offers a realistic compromise.

Consumer advocates might stop exhorting us to buy the best product and show us how not to buy at all. Public officials, too, continue to underestimate human capacity to understand and respond positively, once the choices are made clear.

Whether one is optimistic depends on how much time he thinks we have for setting forth the issues society now faces and the constraints under which resolutions are possible. The searchlight that revealed Watergate can also dramatize world hunger and malnutrition to the point that the human conscience cannot tolerate over-indulgence....

Juanita M. Kreps, Vice-President
Duke University, Durham, N.C.

...Perhaps one can gain immediate solace by recognizing that what are cited as the overarching problems of our time—threat of war, scarcity of resources, overpopulation, and no guarantee of human survival—have been the problems of all times both on an individual and a large-scale basis. Human intelligence has obviously not yet been equal to the task of resolving such problems. What history has shown us instead is that various combinations of temporary "fixes," the amazing adaptability of humans to the immediacies of their existence, localized solutions, and the continual appearance of potentially attractive solutions to these problems have served well to generate a tolerable accommodation between people and their environment....

The requirements for these accommodations between man and his problems have included, but have certainly not been confined to, human intelligence. Admittedly, today, there do seem to be more complexities to attaining such accommodations than previously.

Reasons for these apparent new complexities certainly include our recently acquired additional abilities to communicate.... Communications have made triumphs and problems everywhere. Unfortunately, news of problems can be conveyed faster than means for their resolution can be learned....

Willful ignorance, a dearth of "heroes" to serve as role-models, a general degradation of self-respect, an increasing willingness to substitute "man-made" crutches (such as drugs) for self-discipline—all these make individual contributions to the needed resolution of the world's large problems more difficult to come by.

It would seem that the most acute shortages that beset us today are in the desires, the determination, the staying power, and the intelligence of enough individuals to permit us the workable accommodations that have carried us through our problem-ridden past....

New approaches toward identifying institutional structures to represent the principal constituencies in today's world are urgently needed.... Bold, creative, but manageable changes need to be made in the interrelationships of significantly important institutions to bring their powers and support of their membership into better balance....

I am basically hopeful about the human future—but my hope exists in spite of what I see going on today in government, industry, labor, and society, not because of it....

The key to the future is whether we can find acceptable ways of controlling ourselves, our institutions, and our societies before we are worn out intellectually, morally, and physically by our present "runaway" institutional behavior, which uses new technological and economic power for poorly understood objectives.

Ruth M. David, Director
Institute for Computer Sciences and Technology
Washington, D.C.

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World Progress Report

Second Wind

While the energy crunch has inspired research into esoteric new ways of generating power, some tried-and-true old technologies are getting a new lease on life in the bargain. In the Southwest, for example, ranchers oppressed by rising power costs have petitioned the College of Agriculture at New Mexico State University to institute a course in the operation and care of windmills. "They pleaded with the university to provide the know-how to enable them to make the necessary repairs and maintenance," reports Mogens I. Rasmussen, assigned to direct the project.

An initial survey by Rasmussen indicated that there are some 175,000 water-pumping windmills still extant in the United States. Of these, about half are still either in good working order or salvageable "if the necessary repairs and refurbishing are properly performed." However, Rasmussen found, "this know-how is almost a lost art, because of the lack of qualified and experienced windmillers." He also discovered that "there is a rapidly growing demand for the old-fashioned pumpers that cannot be met by the only two U.S. firms now manufacturing the windmills."

The university's response to the demand for windmill instruction has been to transplant several nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century relics to its Las Cruces campus, where they will join more modern machines as teaching tools for a three-week, eight-hour-a-day program scheduled to begin early this year. The course may or may not be cross-listed for literature students as Don Quixote 101.

Meanwhile, the California Institute of Technology, which prides itself on "innovations in education," has already instituted its own nine-unit course in the design of windmills for generating electric power. Formally listed as Ae (Aeronautical engineering) 207, the course explores the history of windmills as well as energy storage, meteorology, aerodynamics, electrical and control systems, structures, and blade design. Ae is part of "a growing technological program for developing windmills as energy-generating devices," according to aeronautical engineer Homer Joseph Stewart, co-founder of the new course. "It may be a big business in the future."

While C.I.T. students are dreaming up designs for the future, Dr. Stewart reports, the National Science Foundation and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration are sponsoring a test of the economics of windmill-generated electricity. It is the first such large-scale test in this country in 30 years. Located in Sandusky, Ohio, the NSF-NASA device will have a rotor blade, 125 feet in diameter, mounted atop a 125-foot tower, and it is designed to generate 100 kilowatts of power.

The sudden disappearance of cheap fossil-fuel-generated electricity, which made the windmills obsolete in the first place, now makes wind power more competitive again, notes Dr. Stewart. Meanwhile, improvements in the aerodynamics of windmill blades, and improvements in materials, control systems, and electrical technology have increased windmill efficiency. The electric-power-generating wind machine of the future, he predicts, will bear scant resemblance to the picturesque wood-and-cloth contraption that fought off Don Quixote, or the familiar, old-time farm windmill of the United States. The new version, built of lighter, stronger materials, will feature an aerodynamically streamlined, airplane-type propeller with automatically adjusted variable pitch and controls.

Legal Aides

In a program designed to improve the work of both future lawyers and present lawmakers, Yale University's law school has been contracting out student volunteers to research and draft actual legislation to be presented to the state legislature. Putting in as much as 7,000 hours in a single year—worth hundreds of thousands of dollars at the going rates for licensed lawyers—the students have contributed to bills dealing with such vital state business as taxes, education, narcotics, wiretapping, and justice.

Both students and legislators profit from the collaboration. "The state legislator is one of the weakest links in government," notes one student veteran of the five-year-old program, placing the blame on inadequate staffing. As for the students, comments a law school faculty member, they "learn a hell of a lot more by making case histories rather than reading about someone else's."

ANTHONY WOLFF

"Patient R. B. seemed to be in the throes of frenzy, until he blurted out he collects Dr. Pepper soda caps. Poor chap, how do I get it across to him that I, too, have this innocent penchant?"

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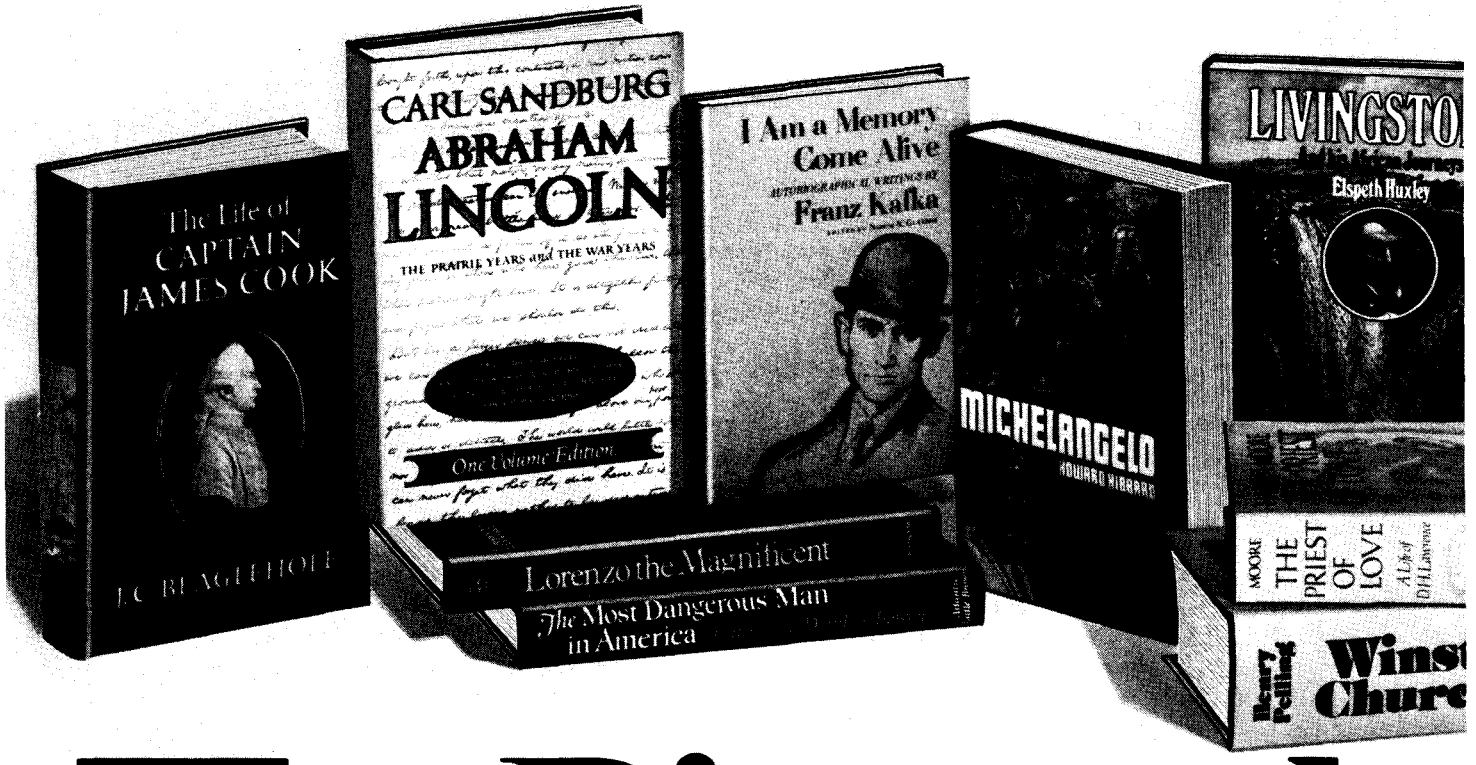

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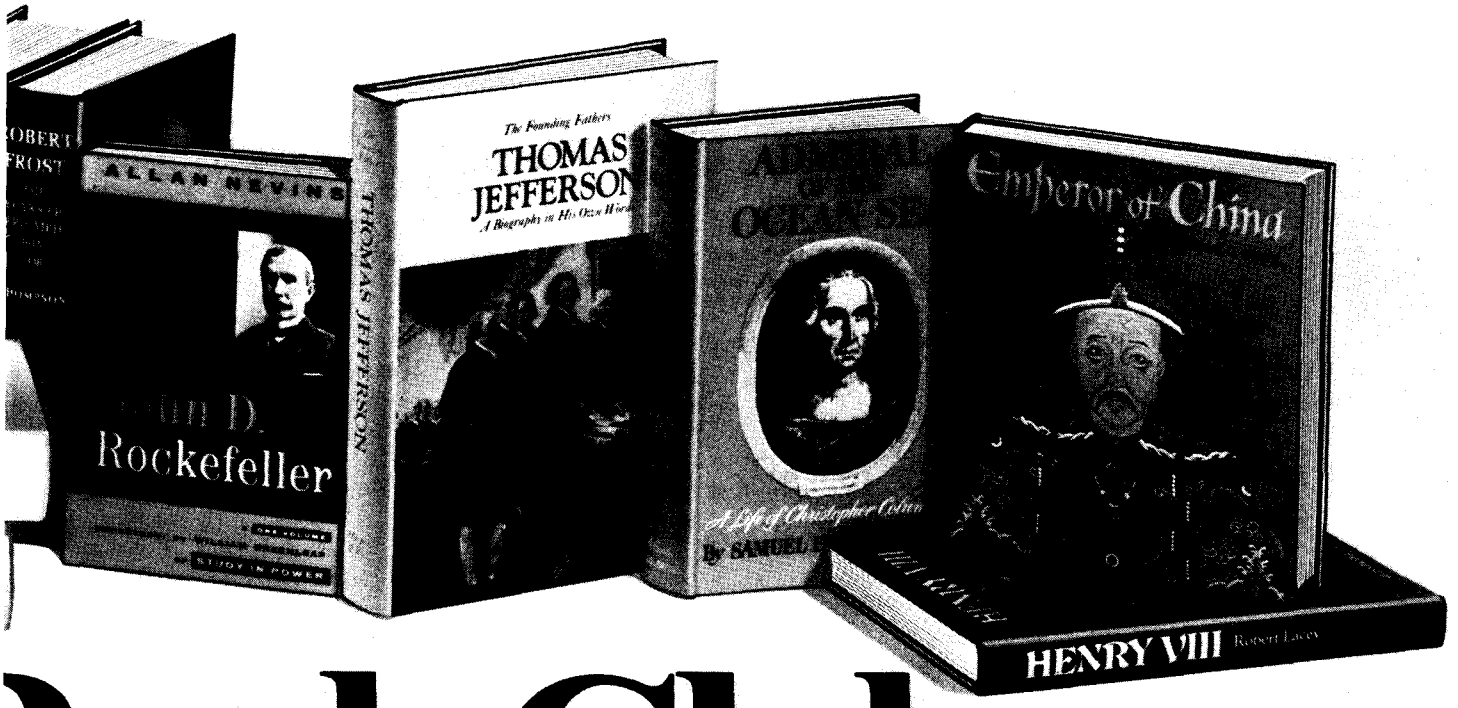

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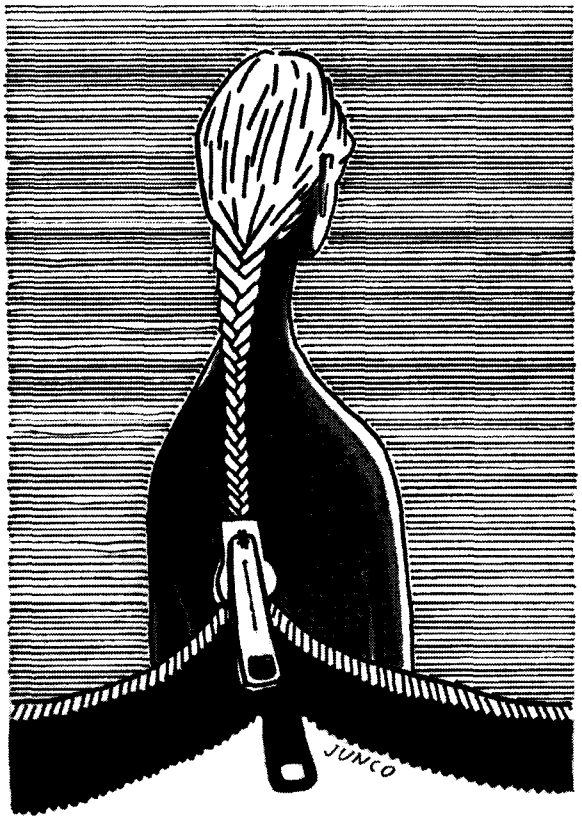
Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Jane...

She left without even saying good-bye . . . one moment she was here . . . the next, quietly, she wasn't . . . so unlike her . . . scattered remembrance . . . even when she was off for a matinee with a friend, it was always "see you later, dear" . . . and always I said, "not if I see you first" . . . we both laughed . . . a family joke . . . the time an unknown bore attached himself to us in a restaurant . . . when he finally left he said, "see you later" . . . simultaneously we whispered "not if we see you first" . . . family joke . . . now . . . a family of one . . . November 11 . . . five days before our fiftieth anniversary . . . if she had known, she would have stayed . . . but she hadn't known . . . not once in three years even an inkling . . . "the doctor gave me a good mark today," she said after one of his many house calls . . . smiled . . . not knowing . . . and not knowing that I knew . . . oh, I was well rehearsed for the inevitable . . . but three years later . . . on closing day . . . I blew all my lines . . . the strong man, with his violent antipathy toward funerals, cemeteries . . . crumpled . . . the mind simply couldn't make the transition from a person to a body . . . now alone at a funeral home . . . the questions . . . the softly spoken suggestions . . . repeated, and repeated . . . because . . . because during all the arrangements, through my mind there ran a constant rerun, a line she spoke on radio . . . on the brotherhood of man . . . in her casual malapropian style . . . "we are all cremated equal" . . . they kept urging for an answer . . . a wooden casket? . . . a metal casket? . . . it's the name of their game . . . a tisket a casket . . . and then transporting it to Kansas City, Mo. . . . the plane ride . . . "smoking or non-smoking section?" somebody asked . . . the non-thinking section was what I wanted . . . (this is torturous writing) . . . only the closest of kin invited to the funeral . . . a dozen or so—in two limousines we went that cold autumn morning . . . a graveside service . . . the man spoke the words: The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away . . . grievously bitter thought . . . the Lord an Indian giver? . . . No . . . He did give us 50 years together . . . minus five days . . . a soft sprinkle of snow as we stood huddled around her . . . the first of the season, they told me . . . lasted only through the short service . . . snow stopped the instant the last words were spoken . . . in His infinite compassion He had the grace to celebrate her arrival with a handful of His confetti . . . a few days in town . . . with relatives . . . friends . . . one asks if I want to reserve the plot next to hers . . . and once again I crumple . . . I do want to . . . indeed I do . . . after 50 years together who more entitled? . . . 50 eons together . . . finally back home . . . home? . . . house . . . remembering to try to forget . . . but the mail! . . . hundreds upon hundreds expressing sympathy and comfort . . . the newspapers and radio and TV had done a good job . . . kindly and gently they recalled her in the Thirties and Forties . . . her malaprops . . . "her Jane-isms," the *New York Times* man put it . . . and so there were letters . . . not only from friends . . . from people she never knew . . . "Easy Aces" radio listeners . . . they embraced her . . . and in embracing her, so they embraced me . . . far too many to try to answer . . . and even now, three months later, they are spread around her photograph on the piano . . . and will so remain . . . treasured . . . now and then I pick a few at random . . . read and re-read . . . "haven't heard her for many years, but I feel as if I knew and loved her" . . . "my happiest childhood memories" . . . "she left a legacy of laughter we will never forget" . . . "your loss is our loss; she will be remembered in our prayers" . . . "still enjoy my remembrance of her, like when she said, 'you get up at the crank of dawn'" . . . "recall all her twisted phrases; they still crop up in my conversation from time to time, too humorous to mention" . . . "when she said, 'home wasn't built in a day,' and 'be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home'" . . . and "running around like a chicken with its hat off" . . . "I can still hear her: 'Marge and I are insufferable friends'" . . . "she enriched my life considerably; your grief is shared by millions" . . . and one from someone who knew her: "she was such a gentle and lovable person and had so many friends" . . . and from a nun: "I do not so much mourn the death of Jane Ace as I rejoice in the life of her" . . . and many who donated in her memory to hospitals and medical research . . . every letter, comfort and solace, which, like time, help to heal . . . so unlike the way she says it . . . said it . . . (excuse it, please, can't get used to it) . . . so unlike the way she *said* it, "time wounds all heels" . . . and you want to hear the eeriest part of all? . . . whenever I read the letters, for a split second I reach for a phone to read to her all of the. . . . □



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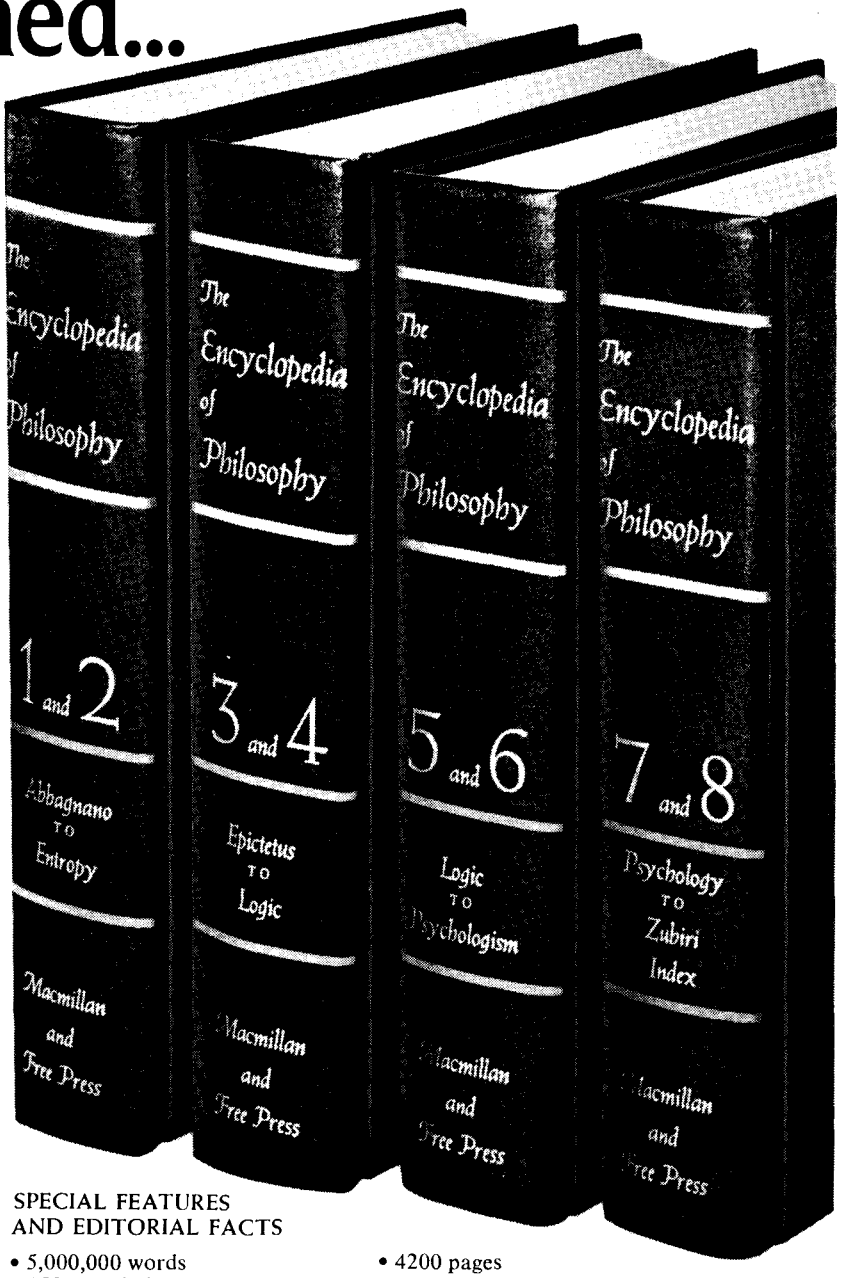

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Women's Lib Plays in Peoria

by Susan Jacoby

Peoria, Ill.

Karen Tucker is a 35-year-old reservations clerk with Ozark Airlines. "Just a clerk," she says. "You know, like 'just a housewife.' I sit all day with earphones that are too heavy—all the girls get ear infections from them. But 'just housewives' have rights. Clerks have rights, too. In small-town U.S.A., just like everywhere else."

Mrs. Tucker is an outspoken feminist and a union organizer in a town so renowned for its conservatism that the very word *Peoria* has become a mass-media synonym for Middle America. She is one of the many energetic examples of the influence exerted by the women's-liberation movement in an area of the country where people do not take quickly to new fashions or new social trends.

Peoria's image as a bastion of midwestern conservatism was heavily embellished by John Ehrlichman's well-publicized remark that decisions in the Nixon White House turned upon the question, "How will it play in Peoria?"

By now the natives are used to hearing their town described as Hicksville, U.S.A. —a sober, early-to-bed, early-to-rise town where no one laughs at the idea of a President's eating catsup and cottage cheese. A town without Black Panthers or Grey Panthers or a gay-liberation movement. A socially conservative town where Gloria Steinem is only a streaky mane of hair on a network television program, where women clip recipes and care passionately about how to make tasty new casseroles out of canned cream-of-mushroom soup.

To some extent, Peoria does fit the insular, small-town stereotype of the jokes. But it is also Karen Tucker's town —where an airline clerk is likely to become outraged if a company boss or a union officer tells her she is making too much money for a woman. It is a town where women have won the fight to set up an abortion clinic, where a second-grade public-school teacher appears on local talk shows and speaks frankly about her abortion and her husband's vasectomy. No one makes much noise about social change in the small cities millions of Americans call home, and outsiders frequently make the mistaken assumption that nothing is going on beneath the surface.

The highway leading to Peoria from the east cuts across acre after acre of flat, black earth—the original fertile base of a region that still depends heavily on agriculture for its prosperity. The first break in the farm landscape is one of the many huge factories owned by Caterpillar Tractor Company, which provides jobs for one out of every four working adults in the area. Just past the "Cat" complex, Peoria comes into view on a high bluff overlooking the Illinois River. The small cluster of office buildings and houses spread along the bluff does not suggest a city of 129,000 and a metropolitan area of nearly 350,000; the population is scattered throughout three counties in small agricultural and industrial communities.

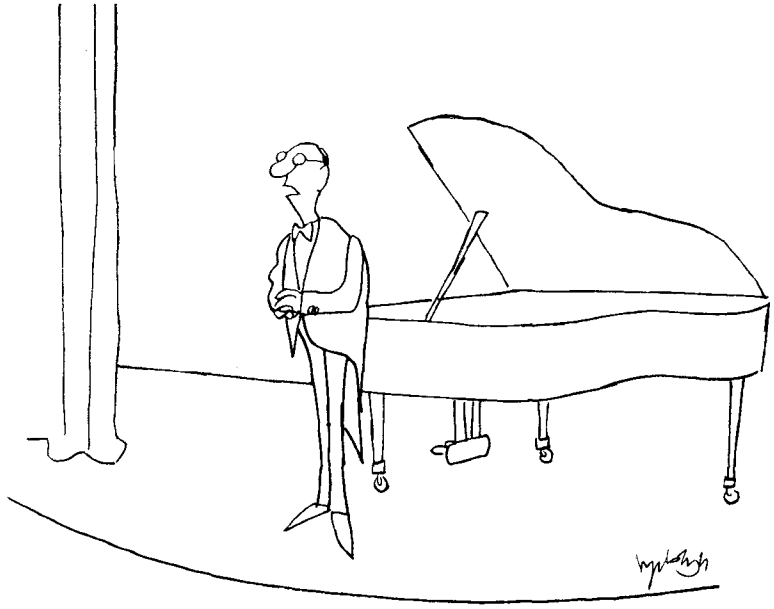
THE DIFFERENCE between feminism in Peoria and in larger cities is largely one of small-town style and timing rather than substance. The visible women's movement in Peoria is two or three years behind its counterpart in larger cities on the East and West coasts. The Peoria chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW) is only a year and a half old—either in spite of or because of Peoria's being the hometown of founding mother Betty Friedan. The active feminists read *Ms.* magazine and sometimes take part in consciousness-raising groups, but most of them are oriented more toward the practice than the theory of women's rights. And the practical issues —ranging from equal pay for equal work to the moronic image of housewives in television commercials—are exactly the same as they are everywhere else.

Karen Tucker personifies the practical approach to women's rights in Peoria. She became a feminist through her activities in local 2307 of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers—the union representing reservations clerks and ticket agents at Ozark. Last winter she and Jeanne Graham, a 27-year-old co-worker, ran a successful insurgent campaign for seats on the executive board of their union local. In Peoria a majority of the union members were women, but men had always run the local. "We had to put down rumors that all of the union dues would be turned over to NOW if we were elected," she says with a quick smile and a central Illinois twang, which contains hints of both the South and the prairies. "It's the old bogeyman of the outside agitator."

The wife of a construction worker and the mother of an 18-year-old daughter and a 13-year-old son, Karen has worked throughout most of her married life. "Three years ago the union asked me to be a shop steward. That was their mis-

(Continued on page 43.)

Susan Jacoby, a native midwesterner, is a freelance writer and a frequent contributor to Saturday Review.



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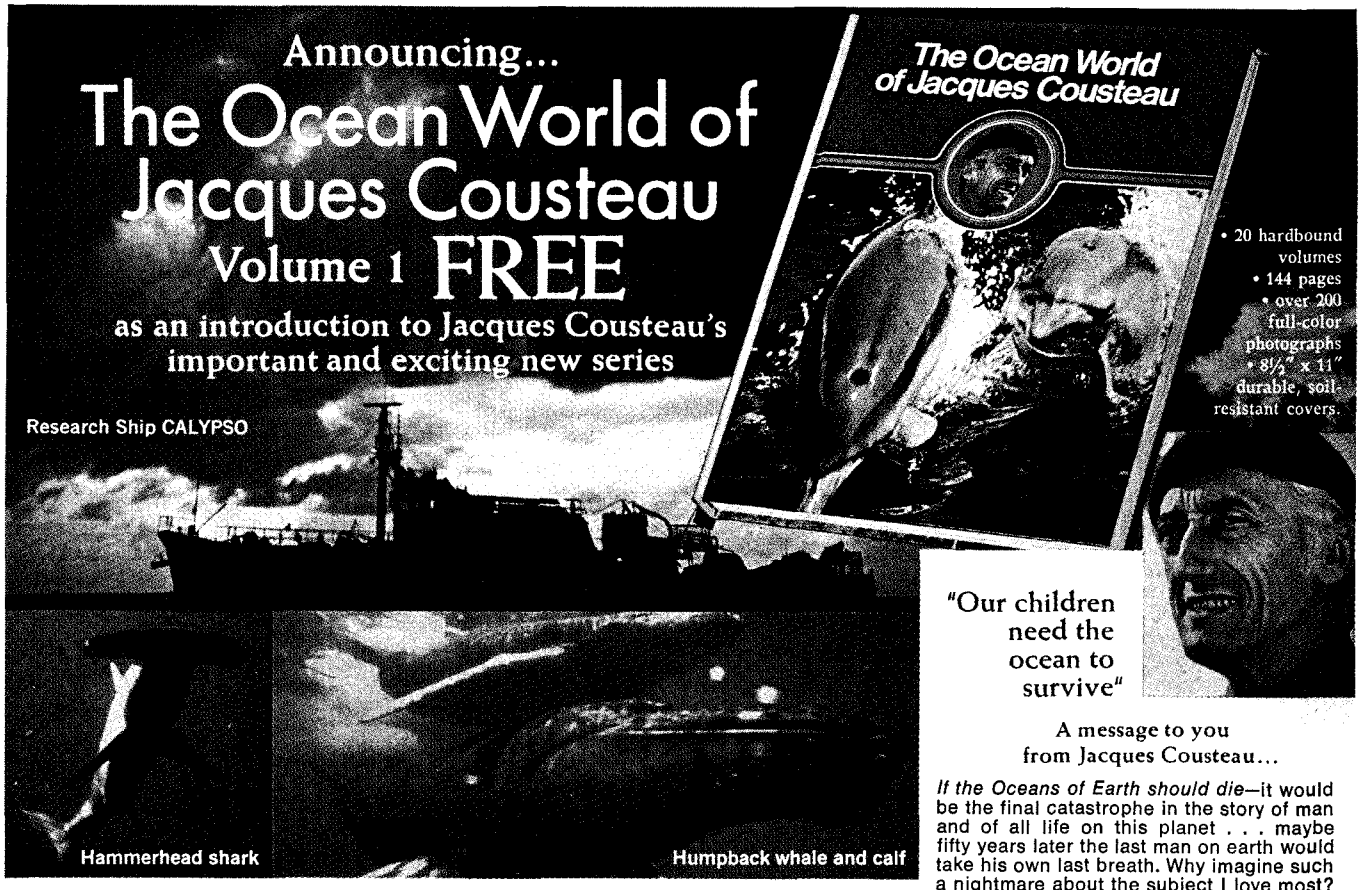

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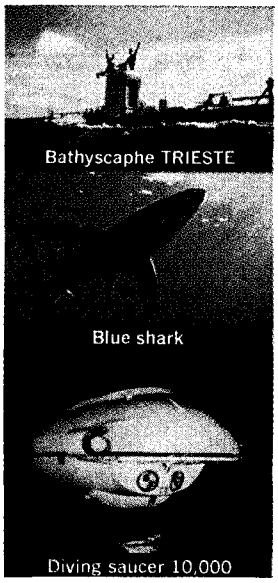

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Is Britain Dying?

Big Ben still strikes confidently, but the British vibes are far from reassuring.

by Roland Gelatt

Allen Green: Gamma

Trafalgar Square—"If Niagara Falls is just ahead, you'd never guess it."

The London street where I live and work was built up in the Edwardian heyday—a church and churchyard on one side, on the other a row of low apartment houses, their red-brick facades elaborated with domes and pediments, bays and balconies, mullioned windows and ornamental ironwork. It seems at first glance the very picture of a prosperous, well-ordered community. But look a little closer. Alarming piles of garbage lie heaped along the curb; soggy debris clogs the gutter; the sidewalk wobbles with loose, broken paving blocks. Wherever the eye rests, past solidity collides with present disorder.

So it is with Britain. Yesterday's glories and today's troubles mingle in perplexing confrontation. We all know that Britain is awash in a sea of adversity—that year after year it spends more than it earns, that its industrial plant is obsolescent and its labor force unproductive, that it totters on the brink of runaway inflation, that it has dropped within living memory from being the richest of Europe's nations to a position where it will soon be running neck and neck with Italy for tenth place in the continent's pecking order. These unpleasant truths make up the uncollected garbage on the curb, but they seem so utterly discordant with what we know of British history, so out of tune with British tradition, that we avert our eyes and focus instead on the imposing edifice behind—on the mother of Parliaments, the cradle of industrial technology, the land of poets and philosophers and explorers and sci-

Roland Gelatt, SR's international editor, has been observing Britain and the British at close hand since 1972.

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Jean Gaumy: Gamma

Striking miners—"Twice in three years miners have got what they wanted by paralyzing the nation."

entists—whistling to ourselves all the while that there'll always be an England.

But the garbage continues to accumulate. Prime Minister Harold Wilson speaks of "unparalleled troubles and crises" facing the country. James Callaghan, the foreign secretary, goes on television to confirm that Britain is sliding downhill toward one of the lowest living standards in Europe. The Hudson Institute, in a report on *The United Kingdom in 1980,* suggests that social and political upheaval is writ large in the British scenario. Indeed, judged by all the usual standards of national well-being—per capita G.N.P., balance of payments, rate of inflation—Britain would appear to be in formidable danger. But an island menaced by economic collapse is not the same as an island menaced by military defeat. No enemy gun emplacements are positioned across the English Channel to rouse national mettle. If we expect to find the "spirit of Dunkirk" or other echoes of Britain's finest hours animating the body politic today, we are in for disappointment.

Those finest hours are in fact part of the problem. The trauma of "winning" a war and losing an empire still afflicts the British psyche. That empire and its comforting mythos served to obscure crucial weaknesses in the pre-war social and economic fabric. When empire and myth suddenly evaporated in the hard days of austerity and withdrawal following World War II, the fabric ripped apart and Britain's present difficulties began to surface.

Probably the most disturbing of these, certainly the most conspicuous, has been the heightening and hardening of class antagonism within British society. That carefully tiered hierarchy depicted in *Upstairs, Downstairs* has cracked and soured beyond recognition. How much this has to do with present injustices and how much with past grievances is matter for debate. There are statistics to prove that despite decades of near-confiscatory income taxes and inheritance duties, a large proportion of Britain's total wealth continues to be owned by a minute sector of the populace. There are other statistics to prove that old inequities are being systematically leveled off. Certainly, evidence of great wealth can still be seen in London—the Daimlers and Rolls-Royces, the Belgravia town houses, the dressy galas at Covent Garden—but it is also evident that throughout Britain as a whole, real poverty has been all but eliminated. The welfare state now cushions even the least-favored citizens against the rigors of illness, old age, and unemployment. We are dealing, however, not with statistics, but with an attitude, and the attitude is one of profound distrust between "us" and "them." Despite all attempts at redress of past wrongs, despite the welfare state and a semi-Socialist economy, workers and bosses remain locked in abrasive conflict.

SINCE THE BRITISH are an eminently civilized and well-mannered people, the confrontation between "us" and "them" is rarely violent. At worst it takes the form of strikes or slowdowns. More often it manifests itself in sheer orneriness, in a workingman's stubborn refusal to budge from his own notion of what he should and should not do on the job. The British call it "being bloody-

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"Even under the best of circumstances, British labor unions are inspired and organized not for increasing productivity, but for restricting it."

minded." Its victims run the gamut from multi-national corporations to the corner store. Nationalized industries and governmental bodies are not exempt. Even the executive headquarters of unions themselves can be affected. Last fall Britons were diverted by the spectacle of Hugh Scanlon—powerful and combative leader of 1.4 million engineering workers—having to cross the picket line of his own clerical staff. Britain has some 470 trade unions, and no day goes by when thousands of their members are not engaged in some form of industrial action. Often it is without official union sanction; any local shop steward with a minor grievance can call a strike, even though it may violate a contractual agreement between management and his union. Such disruptions have become stitched into the British way of life, a national habit that everyone takes for granted.

THE HABIT can be costly. Cornes Tideswell, a century-old construction firm in Stoke-on-Trent, collapsed last fall with several million dollars' worth of work-in-progress left incomplete. The firm's demise is not particularly noteworthy in an economy where spectacular bankruptcies are becoming almost everyday occurrences, but the way it went is illustrative of what happens in British industrial relations when labor-management disputes reach the point of no return. When telling his side of the story, David Cornes, great-grandson of the firm's founder, does not put all the blame on labor. Like many other British businesses today, his was caught in a squeeze between inflationary costs and fixed-price contracts. But what ultimately brought the company down was a series of nasty disputes with its work force. "The effect the constant labor troubles had on our reputation towards the end," David Cornes says, "was almost as damaging as the disputes themselves. We were in the middle of a cash-flow crisis when the last stoppage hit us, and we went to the bank to see whether they were prepared to finance us any more. They simply said that in the circumstances they were not."

That last stoppage came about when 13 men on one site were let go. The union objected, got nowhere, and in protest pulled the entire work force off all the company's building projects. Leading the pro-strike agitation was a short, wiry man of about 50 named Tom Walker, who talks volubly and literately—quoting Omar Khayyám to buttress a point—about his social and political convictions. Walker had worked as a carpenter at Cornes off and on for 20 years. Over a beer at a local pub, I asked him whether in hindsight he now regretted the strike action; after all, 450 people had been put out of work as a result of trying to save 13 jobs. "I can't accept that our union had anything to do with the collapse of Cornes," he began. "The company failed simply because of bad management. But to answer your question, we had absolutely no choice over those 13 men. We *had* to protect their jobs. If we let them go down the drain, the union would have lost all credibility." Listening to Tom Walker relate his experiences as a shop steward was to get a cram course in British labor-management relations. As he told it, even the most insignificant areas of decision—whether to install hot water in the canteen, who should be sent out for French fries at lunchtime—turned into battlefields of conflicting wills. In this atmosphere of contention, it's not surprising that communication broke down when the very life of the company was at stake.

What happened at Stoke-on-Trent is likely to occur with increasing frequency throughout Britain unless some kind of compromise can be reached between the demands of labor and the resources of industry. Denis Healey, chancellor of the exchequer, put it bluntly when he warned the British people that the choice was up to them: either wage restraint or unemployment accompanied by even worse inflation. His government is in the unhappy position of having to tell its constituents that they should expect no improvement in their standard of living for at least two years, that the alternative to wage restraint is a kind of national bankruptcy too horrible to contemplate. This is the sword of Damocles that hangs over, and that just possibly may enforce, the so-called social contract between government and the unions. It is a loose understanding which stipulates that union demands are to be moderated in return for the enactment of various social and economic reforms. Ultimately, whether the social contract is sustainable depends on the unions' rank and file. Every week or so, a senior minister in the Labour Cabinet uses prime television time to deliver a homily on the necessity of voluntary wage restraint. Wilson himself stresses that the social contract is "a policy with obligations, with responsibilities as well as rewards. It is not a policy from which you can extract the parts you like and reject the parts you don't."

Social contract guidelines, limiting pay awards roughly to cost-of-living increases, have already been breached in several major settlements, but so far the giant unions have pretty well respected the rules. Everything now hinges on the mine workers, whose new contract is in the throes of intense negotiation. Twice within the last three years, workers in the nationalized coal mines have got what they wanted by paralyzing the nation. Their last strike, a year ago, brought down the Tory government of Edward Heath. If the miners this year press for a wage increase of much more than 25 percent over last year's settlement, Prime Minister Wilson's already battered social contract will have been dealt a fatal blow. What happens then is anybody's guess.

MEANWHILE, in all sectors of the economy, production stagnates—may even be in decline. Anyone who lives in Britain these days knows what is meant by low productivity. It means, "Sorry, sir, we're out of stock." The local stationer can't supply airmail envelopes; the local camera shop hasn't had photoflood bulbs for months; a large department store shows an impressive display of bedding, but there's a half-year wait for the mattress you want. Magnified on a national scale, shortages like these lead to alarming consequences. During the first eight months of 1974, for example, Britain lost the production of 400,000 cars and 45,000 trucks, valued at nearly $2 billion. To fill the vacuum, some 300,000 foreign cars were imported—with lamentable effects on the balance of payments.

Class conflict, of course, causes much of this industrial famine. When workers are on strike or on slowdown or merely being bloody-minded, production suffers. According to International Labor Office statistics, Britain is now second only to Italy in time lost because of labor disputes. Even under the best of circum-

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David Austen: Gamma

The British worker—"Locked in abrasive conflict with the bosses."

stances, however, British labor unions are inspired and organized not for increasing productivity, but for restricting it. Scrupulously monitored rules and regulations spread out the work load in the interest of maintaining full employment. "If only they would put in a decent day's work!" businessmen are heard to complain. But businessmen have plenty to answer for, too. Their complacency has given Britain the lowest rate of capital investment per employee of all major industrial powers in the world. British workers are hobbled by outdated, inefficient equipment—much of it better suited for exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution than for competition in the international marketplace of 1975.

This reluctance to update aging industrial plants stems partly from economic policies pursued by successive post-war governments. Vain attempts to preserve the pound as an international reserve currency played havoc with the domestic economy and discouraged long-term investments in British industry. But even without these deterrents, the British businessman would not exactly be regarded as a paragon of entrepreneurial acumen and go-getting drive. He has, indeed, acquired an international reputation for tardiness and ineptitude, for being long on charm and short on performance. The old Victorian prejudice against being "in trade" has undergone a malign transformation. It's all right now to be a businessman provided you don't work at it too hard.

Stagnation brought about by bloody-minded labor and inept management has come to be known as "the British disease." Various cures have been tried by both Tory and Labour governments, none with success. Today the new physician in charge is Anthony Wedgwood Benn, secretary of state for industry, a 49-year-old aristocrat who renounced his peerage years ago to engage in the doubtful delights of left-wing politics. Benn contends, quite rightly, that Britain remains a drearily unfair society ("we're the last colony left in the British Empire"), and he believes its problems can be solved only by means of a radical shift in the balance of power toward working people. "Those who invest their skills, energy, and lives in industry," he argues, "are entitled to at least as great a say in its control as those who invest their money in it."

THE GOVERNMENTAL VEHICLE for implementing his policies is to be a National Enterprise Board that will provide financing for industry in return for a public share in ownership and for state and worker representation in management. It is easy to pick flaws in Benn's scheme. According to one of his many critics, the plan "pays no account to the fact that since workers inevitably have a strong but narrow concern to preserve their jobs, they cannot have the frame of mind to make a dispassionate assessment of whether their product is salable or wanted." But Tony Benn has a good deal more social awareness than do most of his critics. Acknowledging the perils of job preservation for its own sake, he nevertheless insists that far-reaching structural changes in British industry can come about only in an atmosphere of labor confidence and consent. Like many others in Britain, Benn has come to accept that the deep-rooted intransigence of labor will not be made to disappear by government edict or managerial toughness. If there is to be a regeneration of British industry, the workingman will have to get into the act. Attention will now be focused on British Leyland Motors, a cumbrous combine that manufactures everything from economy Austins to luxury Jaguars and that has been plagued in recent years by an almost unending succession of strikes and slowdowns. As the trade-off for a substantial injection of public money, representatives of labor and government are about

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"Does the patient want to be cured? Perhaps the most striking symptom of the British disease is the patient's perverse delight with his condition."

to join British Leyland's top management team. The effect of this high-level comradeship on the production line remains to be measured.

Many difficulties confront the present government—civil war in Northern Ireland, separatism in Scotland and Wales, relations with the Common Market (whether, indeed, to stay in the Common Market at all)—but far and away the greatest of its problems is getting Britain back to work again. If Labour's measures to foster industrial democracy and modernize industrial technology can begin to cure the British disease, all other difficulties will find easier solutions.

BUT DOES THE PATIENT want to be cured? Does he even accept that he's sick? Perhaps the most striking symptom of the British disease is the patient's perverse delight with his condition. Despite a heavy load of depressing evidence—a declining standard of living, endemic breakdowns in supplies and services, a high rate of personal taxation—the British seem a remarkably happy and contented people. If they are on the *Titanic*, nothing is going to spoil the pleasure of their last night on board. This is not a society with rolled-up sleeves, ready to do hard labor for Queen and Country.

A Welsh coal miner with a long record of absenteeism was asked by a visiting dignitary from London why he persisted in working a four-day week. "Because," the answer shot back, "I can't make enough to live on working a three-day week." The attitude is far from unique. At every level of society, people in Britain work to live; they no longer live to work. Young men and women appear to be without strong ambition. By the standards of other Common Market countries, they are poorly paid, but you do not find them trekking off to Belgium or Germany for more lucrative jobs. Britain and the relaxed British way of life suits them nicely, thank you. They may dress shoddily and live in cramped, ill-furnished quarters, but they make enough to fill the ubiquitous Italian, Chinese, and Indian restaurants that flourish in every town and city and to fly off once or twice a year on cheap packaged holidays to Spain, Yugoslavia, or Greece.

Are they trying to tell us something? There is a theory that having pioneered the Industrial Revolution, the British are now in the vanguard of a more leisurely post-industrial world, that they have succeeded before any other Western society in shucking off an outmoded work ethic. The point is elaborated by James McMillan and Peter Grosvenor in *The British Genius*:

> In a curious sense one of the reputed "failures" of Britain may turn out to be a blessing and guiding light to others. This is the failure of the economy to grow at the same rattling pace as that achieved by many states. The week-end, the tea-break, the desire to spend increasing wealth in leisure explains, in part, the British slowness.... For two or three decades this attitude was regarded as entirely wrong. Now critics are less sure. Indeed they are beginning to ask if the British have not yet again stumbled on the right course.... Have the fortunate islanders once more struck the correct note by caring more for the quality of life than for its pace?

That quality of life, according to the Hudson Institute report, isn't all it's cracked up to be. To be sure, the report surveys only those areas that are readily quantifiable—life expectancy, infant mortality, and the like—and finds that in almost every category Britain falls below top place. But this kind of statistic can lead to nonsensical conclusions. Italy may have 1.71 doctors per thousand inhabitants to Britain's 1.15, but it stretches credibility to deduce from this that Italian medical care is superior to British. When we speak of the quality of life, we are in any case dealing with intangibles, and there is little question that the British intangibles are of a high order. How does one measure the warmth and coziness of a British pub? Or the splendid documentaries and dramatizations on the BBC? Or the almost unfailing politeness that oils the daily routine? Where else would I find a neighborhood post office where the lady behind the counter thanks me when I give her money for a stamp, thanks me again when she hands back the change, and then proceeds to lick the stamp and stick it on the envelope?

The question is not whether the British have an enviable quality of life but whether they can afford it. As a nation, they are living beyond their means, borrowing from creditor powers to close the gap between what they consume and what they produce. Last year's arrears totaled a monstrous $10 billion. Were it not for the happy accident that immense reserves of oil are waiting to be extracted from Britain's sector of the North Sea, creditors might now be starting to foreclose. As it is, there is good collateral to tide the country over the next few years. But North Sea oil is finite. At best it gives Britain a respite—the time to take stock and put its house in order, if there is a will to do so.

CAN NATIONS ACCOMPLISH the kind of collective therapy that leads to transformation of outlook, attitude, will? In its best psychoanalytic manner, the Hudson Institute contends that Britain's economic and social difficulties "derive ultimately from a kind of archaism of the society and national psychology: a habit of conciliation in social and personal relations for its own sake, a lack of aggression, a deference to what exists, a repeated and characteristic flight into pre-industrial, indeed pre-capitalist, fantasies, a suspicion of efficiency as somehow 'common,' a dislike for labor itself." All very true. But the first principle of psychotherapy is that it does no good to tell the patient what ails him. The discovery must come from within. Can Wedgwood Benn and his colleagues provide the impetus for a restructuring of the national psyche? Or must Britain first plunge into the abyss? Arnold Toynbee likens British society today to the man in a canoe who is about to go over Niagara Falls but refuses to worry because he can't see them. "Are we going to come to our senses?" Toynbee cries out. "Are we going, by a thirteenth-hour agonizing effort, to be able to beach our canoe before it is carried over the edge? Just as in the days of appeasement and the subsequent phony war, we are tempted to spend our energy and ingenuity on pretending to ourselves that this question is not urgent or even not real. This time the omens are even less reassuring."

Meanwhile, red-coated cavalry officers continue to trot down Rotten Row, flowery ladies descend on Harrods to buy wildly expensive Scottish salmon, and erudite gentlemen send letters to *The Times* insisting that under no circumstances are ecclesiastical persons allowed to wear woolen nightcaps. If Niagara Falls is just ahead, you'd never guess it. □

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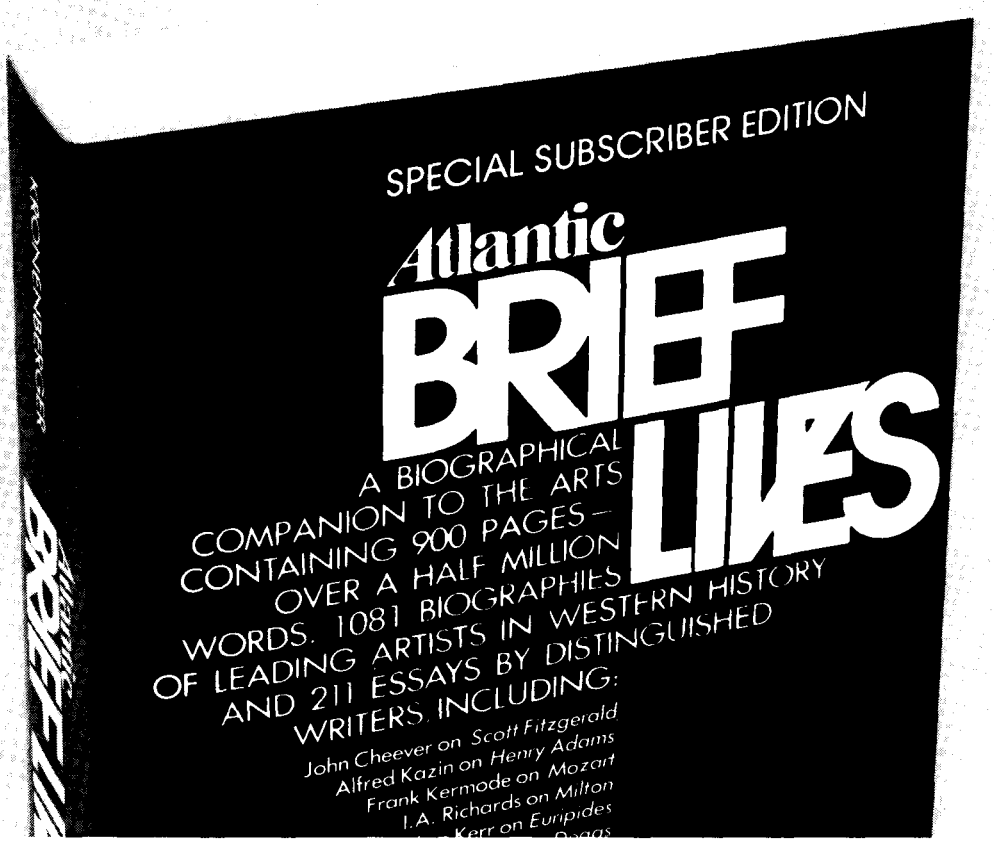
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THE Atlantic MONTHLY

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Why "I"?

by Herbert Gold

It used to be retired generals, Indian viceroys, writers with 43 novels—counting trilogies—behind them, suddenly tired of pottering and puttering among the begonias and thinking: Well, maybe one more book in me. The subject? Er, ah, myself. Maybe the sclerosis helps one remember, eh? Let's see now, what's the name of my publisher?

"I'm writing an autobiography," Brock Brower has a character declare.

"Good. I hope you find a subject worthy of it," answers a friend.

Once in a while the subject is worthy—a personality that has affected the world, or been affected by it, in an original and disturbing fashion. Often it used to be a mere recitation of fact and history, a family scrapbook for the family's archives. Now it is often a mere recitation of the progress of lust and public scandal, a scrapbook of press clippings, plus brag, intended for the audience that used to covet picaresque novels. Which doesn't mean it shouldn't be written. If, as Andy Warhol promised back in the swinging Sixties, we are all destined to be famous for 10 or 15 minutes, why not do the job ourselves? I'm exemplary; you're exemplary—that's better than okay. Who cannot, at a pinch, represent the suffering of all other blacks, Jews, women, Irish, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, southerners, New Yorkers, Wasps, the young protesting against Age Chauvinism, the undersexed, the overendowed, the gay? The fallen priests? The failed rabbis? Whatever, there must be connections and reasons why my own particularity stands for the general fate.

"I know one of the Beatles" is one-quarter of a sufficient reason.

"I know all the Beatles" is 100 percent of a reason. (See Derek Taylor's *As Time Goes By*, an amusing little paste job.)

Even "I didn't know the Beatles" might do, as it did for the man who wrote an autobiography based on the fact that he never could get close, really *close,* to Bob Dylan.

In the American myth a persistent theme is that of the individual against institutions, seeking to discover himself in freedom while, in fact, Fate decides all. The Wright brothers flew like birds but died anyway. Ahab and Huck Finn pursued their demons—and were caught by them. Henry James knows his spritely ladies will ultimately turn their faces to the wall. This inevitably leaves out of the

novel another American element, striving and hope, which the autobiographer can smuggle back in: *I won!* Look at me; I did it!

One of the reasons why so many American writers of talent seem to be locked into boyishness is that what they express is an excess of enthusiastic powerlessness. They yearn for power, and they communicate weakness: "Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose," Janis Joplin sang. But at the same time, the serious writer has this illicit pleasure, the power of creation, the power to do it, to exemplify something, even if it is American weakness. So the gleeful energies are left to style and to the mastery of style in writers from the generations of Hemingway and Fitzgerald to Bellow and Nabokov. No wonder, then, that autobiography becomes an increasing temptation. It's a way of telling the more complete truth, that somebody enjoys these heady pleasures of victory, of long, smoky, manic afternoons at the typewriter, of making something that he can regard with pleasure, and even of the rewards in money and fame. It happens. The winners may die in the end, too, but they also live first.

For want of other heroes in an age of lack of confidence, the writer finds one in the mirror. Sometimes, of course, he changes the names and calls the result a novel, or keeps them and calls it New Journalism, or changes some and keeps some—a memoir—but the cry of Rastignac is evident in an immense crowd of varied talents, Pete Hamill and Lillian Hellman, John Updike and Conrad Aiken, James Baldwin and Edward Dahlberg, Hunter Thompson and Joan Didion, Frank Conroy and Kurt Vonnegut, Jack Kerouac and Eldridge Cleaver, Isaac Bashevis Singer and L. Rust Hills. Please look for no deep significance in these pairings: They are only the instances that come to a mind that likes to make odd couples. Everyone expects William Saroyan to talk about himself; it was a brilliant discovery when he made it. Now everyone else makes it. The fist is shaken at the world. "It's between you and me now!"—we hear the voice of both Rastignac and Balzac, and the *you* is the whole world. Our contemporaries are more likely to shake their fists and cry, "It's between me and me!"

No matter how genial, no matter how much dust it contains, a *me* is a circumscribed icon compared with the world in all its mystery out there, and upon it a mind flashes in the night. The tension between *I* and the rest, consciousness and objectivity, has become the major issue of modern writing. In much contemporary writing the tension is swamped in pulsations of self-regard. To advertise the self has become no mere special instance of commercial cunning. It has seemed the easy way out—and in—for many. The drift is for it to become the only way, other than the Doubleday novel of Fact (*Airport, Hawaii, Oil!*) or the hair drier novel of Drool (Irving Wallace, Irving Robbins, Irving Susann, Irving Uris).

A few examples might help. One doesn't look kindly upon rant in a highly instructional literary essay like this one.

A girl spends a few weekends with rocks stars and New Journalists, grades them on their sexual performance, and

Herbert Gold's last novel, Swiftie the Magician *(McGraw-Hill), is not an autobiography.*

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calls the book, say, *Body Count*. Fair enough. Catchy. The shy rock stars are annoyed. The bold writers care less but cross the improvident lady out of their address books. Their tight jeans vibrate professionally to matters of taste. The mystery has gone out of her chill amphetamine embraces—they know not where; they know not how. She lets a couple of weeks pass. Time cures, Time heals, *Newsweek* promotes. Wheedle is her talent, and wheedle she does, back into their lonely graces. To their surprise, the next season threatens a sequel, *Return of Body Count . . . Body Recount? . . . Body Count's Greatest Hits*? At this rate she has as many autobiographies in her as Anaïs Nin.

The question should be: How to unriddle the puzzle of a being's nature? *Unriddle* means "make sense of"; it doesn't mean tell all the scandal. *Unriddle* means keep the reader amused, bemused, awake; it even means, Now I, too, can master my experience and ride with it. It doesn't mean: So that's the poop.

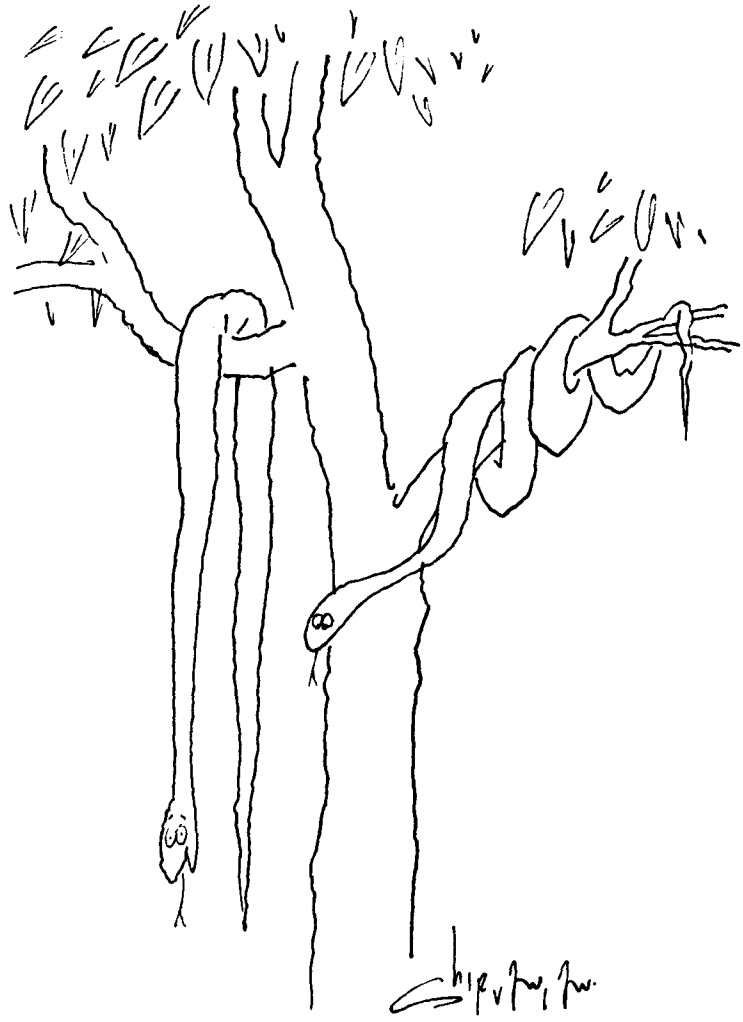
The celebrity sings, "Looka me, Looka me," with the hoarse urgency of Levitz showroom mass-merchandising in his voice. The political veteran wearily argues, usually at greater length—he has all those memos, files, and secretaries to use up—Justify Me. Eagerly we anticipate Spiro T. Agnew's autobiography, which is being agented, according to newspaper reports, by Frank Sinatra. If Schick can give Mark Spitz a lifetime contract at $100,000 a year—and he'll have a long life if he doesn't drown under the weight of those medallions—some publisher might be found to offer the retired Vice-President and felon the half-million advance he requires for telling all and appearing at bowling alleys to publicize the work. Assassins and politicians write autobiography to pay their lawyers and later can try a supplemental confession for some spare change. In these cases, as-told-to relieves the pain of actual writing. Actually writing their books is one of the difficulties actual writers have to face.

A more sophisticated deployment of autobiography can be noted in the flowering of the superstar career of Gay Talese, formerly a mere New Journalist. His survey of sex in America, part Talese, part the rest of America, is accompanied, or rather, preceded, by a running semi-autobiographical commentary by several good friends at *New York* magazine and *Esquire*. His friends view his sex life with groovy alarm, scooping the *auto*biography with a bit of *bio*-autobiography, and the second article also views the first article with whatever additional overflow of disapproval that is available. We are now in the realms of meta-bio-critical autobiography. This is not really an orgy of disclosure, in case you wondered. It is a synergy of public relations. We're talking here, Max, about complex ironies. People nowadays love *sheen* and *finish*. Maybe we're talking about epoxy.

For such writing one needs not a hat or a raincoat in the lap, as for your ordinary blue movie, but a whole terry-cloth confection to absorb the sop of several contributions. The writer, writer-prime, making autobiography of his grand subject and scheme and advance, finds friends and rivals to get their own versions of his life and marriage into print before he can.

Dotson Rader, a younger observer-participant on the scene, retails his experience as a male hustler in several places and sums up the political ferment of the Sixties in a confession about drugs and sex and staying up late at Columbia College. *Blood Dues*, written at age 30, means he has paid the price. Tuckered out, discouraged, hair thinning, he stands for a generation, he says, and now temporarily retires to coupled bliss with an older actress. Surely more drama will come of this. Once chosen to represent a generation of hustlers, a man can't just fade back into a mob of *Village Voice* superstars.

Gore Vidal, bravely insulting the American reader by offering more wit than he has coming to him, but shrewdly revealing to certain selected readers that they can catch up to the writer's demands, projects his fantasies more convincingly. In *Two Sisters*, which he calls a memoir in the form of a novel, he refries some of the gossip of his other novels and journalism. Over the years he has gradually revealed a generous complaisance for sexual ambiguity, bisexuality, homosexuality—something brave in this, always a half-step ahead of his



"I'm pooped."

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"A girl spends a few weekends with rock stars and New Journalists, grades them on their sexual performance, and calls the book, say, Body Count."

readers. But a close reading of the works of Gore Vidal reveals that his Dirty Secret lies elsewhere, and all this apparently carefree, controlled foreplay is designed to hide the real issue. He fears becoming Fat. Would a weight problem make it difficult to appear on talk shows? Jogging is the best answer.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS NOT a minor modern form, invented to serve laziness, vanity, and impatience. Traditionally it has posed major questions, the ones asked by religion and philosophy and the novel at its best. The shaper of an autobiography must continually redecide a set of interlocked questions about the meaning of his life: Should it be shapely and aesthetic? Should it be truthful and moral? How can these often conflicting demands be weighed against each other? Where does he allow a bit of fudging, a bit of exaggeration and highlighting, a bit of lying, a bit of debt-paying, a bit of truth-trumpeting? In writing my own premature autobiography, *My Last Two Thousand Years*, I wrestled with the paradoxes of the Jewish view of such matters—the beauty of holiness—against the Greek view, which emphasizes the holiness of beauty. I also had to reckon with the fact that I am neither holy nor beautiful, and only reluctantly can I be led to aspire to such perspectives on my life on earth. But both aspirations are present in the reckoning, even if it's a mere novelist temporarily summing things up. What vanity. I, too, think I matter! That I was too young, unready, undecided, that I was a suspicious candidate for beauty or holiness, merely introduced another element. It made the search more dangerous, because I defined it as neither Greek nor Jewish but American; that is, as an ambiguous progress toward an undetermined goal. Triviality is one of the dragons breathing ice in the forest.

"I got a peaceful, easy feeling" is a sufficient theme for a song. If the three verses and one chorus get blown up to autobiography, it brings an uneasy, unpeaceful feeling to the reader—boredom, stony and unforgiving. If you explore the questions: *Who am I? Why? How did it happen? What does it mean?* you had better be more than a disadvantaged guitarist from south Philadelphia. It helps to have advantages: something to say, not just something to complain of or be sleepy about. Poetry is truer and more philosophical than history, as Aristotle says, because it begins to know its own meaning; its very rhythm urges conviction. History just happens, marvelous as it must be that it continues to continue.

In recent times hyphenated status has helped to give a reason to make a manifesto, to declare Autobiography as one might declare Karate—a posture of sudden offensive action. I'm a black-American dude, a Polish-American ethnic, a lesbian-American badass revolutionary commune-dwelling, lowercase, no-punctuation-writing individual who will cry great salty tears if I'm not treated better by stewardesses and if they don't take off those plastic wigs. (She'll call it *Diesel Madonna: A Manifesto.*) Everyone can collect his own injustices, the little stock of creditable hurts that might seem to justify a book-length *cri de coeur*. In only rare cases, such as those of a few folk singers, can it make a movie with the hero played by the hero, but these books often have the pulpy consistency of a basketball player's as-told-to memoirs. I'm a Mexican-American individual here, and I want *justice*. Maybe Anthony Quinn will take an option.

The autobiographer plays his self-hypnotizing bolero. He emits bulletins for himself (more to come). His sweets for his sweetest make an ersatz honey for the public. True confessions, how tasty! Some nice man loitering in a doorway seems to have sold him used selfish dreams, cut with protest like borax powder. Now he can regard the eager eyes in the mirror and murmur, "Go, go, go," until he feels ready to put on his makeup and move to the typewriter. He is a bifurcated object—half-pen, half-apologist—all scrivener. The ambitious contemporary autobiographer thinks he'll invent himself even better than the Beatles did, and not have to be a group, and never have to break up with internal dissension. And be further out than he thinks he is and yet available to play club dates.

Rule: People who go to bed early don't write autobiographies. Unless they go to bed exceptionally early with nightmare partners.

Capitalizing on one's own Life leads to danger, and capitalizing on one's life, as all poets do, can lead to something worse for the writer than danger—depletion. It's not ordinary income, though the I.R.S. so classifies it; it's a capital loss unless the juices are fed by a continuing dose of the ordinary. If one's career serves only to advertise the self, there is no logical reason merely to write of it. The pen is a slow tool; there are faster ones. But those who betray their mystery on national television with Johnny Carson cannot then restore it by a narrower style—say, local radio talk shows. The celebrity writing his fantasies about a celebrity—Mailer on Monroe—follows the reverse rule of synergy discovered in the financial conglomerations of the Sixties. Two plus two don't equal five, and they don't even equal one. All depends on the integrity of that plus. The corrupted plus adds nothing, or it adds only the love of Goneril for her father—greed and hypocrisy. Contemporary non-letters reply to Lear's morose tautology, "Nothing will come of nothing." It asks: "So how much is nothing?"

At an even lower level than that of the ordinary celebrity stands the politician, murmuring *Mea non culpa*, I'm not a crook. This form of autobiography, with its huge advances and tax shelters, is reserved for Presidents and Vice-Presidents and grand bankrupts in the worlds of conglomerative politics and finance. History now misrepeats itself under the coddlement of a dreamer's self-justifying poetry. Something really happened; what it is is up for grabs; we'll never know for sure. "Poetry is truer and more philosophical than history?" Okay, buster, tell your lies; we need something to believe for the fall season.

With robust appreciation of the value of words, which are a kind of deed, the writer duly signs in at the Library of Congress and receives his number. Now he is in history. He is St. Augustine's groupie or at least part of the back-up band for Jean Jacques Rousseau. He is recorded on microfilm. The public be cajoled. Who can deny the temptation of a stern rebuttal to old friends, wives, parents, children, partners, adversaries, all certified in the name of the highest truths? Perhaps only the man who can't spell *I* never dreams of putting it all down for the record and for the in-

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spiration of his progeny. Of course, he may choose to spell it *we*, *one*, or *Aquarius*, because he represents the higher eternal cause and prime mover.

Perhaps the rule for modern incomplete autobiography should be: Don't tell, don't explain, don't justify. Someone else can do that for you, if you turn out to be important enough, later. You're not ready yet anyway; it's not all done. Instead, explore the borders of your truths; improvise upon them. Add to your life in the writing; don't put it in a capsule for easy digestion. Bear witness to the self; write autobiography as if it were biography—coolly, like some historians—and also as prayer and poetry, if you have the gift. Proving the non-self isn't sufficient, either, though surely every contemplative autobiographer must begin some mornings with doubt that he exists. Do not follow the path of self-justification, a way which has been worn down so far that only the top of the plodding head is visible. Remembering events and persons, which surround the self with other selves, may create a hardcover community. Do not mistake it for reality or the answer to reality either. It is conjoined with history and life in ways a dog would not understand, the way of imagination—but it sniffs and hopes like a dog after a bone. One choice a dog cannot make is to dramatize its essence. With his sharp teeth the autobiographer can try, though he may turn out to project a dog's life and not a man's. The revenge of the canine.

This improvisation on reality is not the same as a New Journalistic tell-all gush. It's not sufficient to play loud rock-and-roll to put on the dog and get the juices going. A steady regard of the material of a life is more important, something taken both from inside and without the self, objective, implicated. Yes, Brock, it's complicated to find the subject worthy of an autobiography, and only worthwhile if it is made even more complicated in the play of writing.

The paradoxical essence of autobiography is that secret which the form seems by its definition to deny: privacy. The proper autobiographer, not telling all, should guard all; and yet make its weight felt, of course make its weight felt; he must keep his privacy and its roots in fertile darkness for the rest of eternity. Then he gives his reader the gift most needed, an example of sufficiency before the common fate and his unique recognition of it. □

Globaloney in a New Key

Global Reach: The Power of the Multinational Corporations
by Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller
Simon & Schuster, 508 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Eliot Janeway

The villains of *Global Reach* are the multinational corporations—"the earth managers," as Barnet and Müller call them. Our authors indict them for committing a crime against a rational, equitable, and settled world order. The contribution the book makes is to document this indictment by citing the claims made for the multinationals by their own spokesmen. The book's main flaw is to take these spokesmen at face value as operators instead of laughing them off as hucksters.

The first sentence of *Global Reach* sums up its thesis and reflects its naiveté: "The men who run the global corporations are the first in history with the organization, technology, money, and ideology to make a creditable try at managing the earth as an integrated unit." If the multinationals had any such capacity, much less intent, the counterclaim that any change would be a change for the better could be made in their defense. But the impotent internationalism on display at the United Nations hardly represents an improvement over the historical horrors of nationalism. The failure of governments to meet the managerial responsibilities they claim clearly offers no defense for the world against being overrun yet again by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The annals of conquest read like case histories from Krafft-Ebing. The servility of historians and their remoteness from the realities of the power process have combined to romanticize psychopathology into power politics. This history, which would be farcical if it were not so tragic, did not stop with the spread of scientific rationality. In the holocaust tolerated by the last generation, the Japanese admirals played their grand strategy like suicide buffs, anticipating Mishima's pathetic fantasies and frustration. Stalin was paranoiac; Hitler was a psychopath. Nevertheless, Hitler stood in the direct line of descent from Napoleon, whom the historians—by no means only in France—have dignified as some sort of embodiment of Plato's clouded vision of the Philosopher King. No rational practitioner of realpolitik would have met his Waterloo, as Napoleon did, taking in marriage a Hapsburg, who was slow-witted even for a Hapsburg, before he came up against Wellington's extroverted and rational will.

The spectacle of nuts seeking rendezvous with nutcrackers is not a pageant of the past. The revelation that the historical horror story is a continuing tragedy is paralyzing the political process under our eyes and precipitating the last era of prosperity into the next siege of depression. The history of nationalism is the history of aggression. The contemporary confrontation of the Middle Eastern oil countries is a classic case history capsuling the duality of this phenomenon.

The nationalistic virus has always carried with it a protective injection of antitoxin potent enough to stir up defensive mechanisms: Peoples excluded from booty privileges, as the oil-consuming countries are today, will respond to idealistic calls kindling the instincts of self-preservation. Nationalism has never failed to start wars, and it has never succeeded in winning them long enough to keep them won. The spectacle of Arafat's flaunting a pistol at the plenipotentiaries of peace gathered at the United Nations was not so incongruous as it seemed: It was consistent with the main historical current of political psychopathology. So is the holdup popularly dignified as the new economics of petroprofiteering. Alongside the ostentatious strutting of the petronuts, the managements of the international oil companies are shrinking into the shadows, bleating like shorn sheep, certainly not howling like hungry wolves. But the international oil companies have been in the vanguard of modish multinationalism. They are now refugees from the nationalistic dictator-

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Economist Eliot Janeway's definitive work is Economics of Crisis.

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ships whose deranged hierarchs are now out of their control.

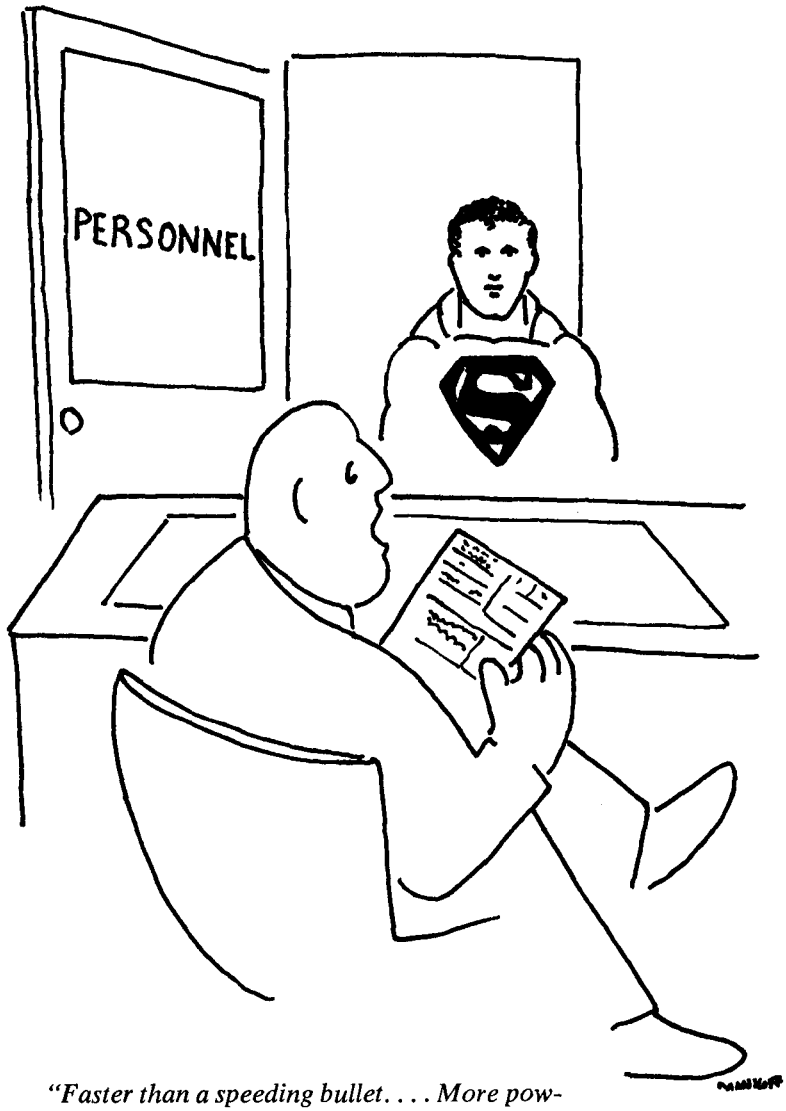
In contrast to the excesses native to nationalism, the managements of the multinationals could plead that they personified the virtues of sanity, as conformists riding the escalator to promotions always do. But their collective dedication to the clichés of efficiency and profitability strikes Barnet and Müller as a more sinister force in today's world than the antics of the Arafats and the piracy of the petropoliticians. This observation leaves Barnet and Müller the prisoners of their inquisitorial exaggerations, and it lets the real culprits, the petropoliticians and their Soviet instigators, go scot-free. The wisdom of hindsight discloses that the swashbucklers who wrote the history of the world with the blood of their victims did not know what they were doing and did not understand the forces determining their destiny. Barnet and Müller give their quarries, the managers of the multinationals, credit for knowing what they are doing and for controlling the course they are taking. The efficiency of the multinationals, they charge, is the measure of the threat they pose to take over from the duly constituted civil authorities in jurisdictions the world over. The profitability Barnet and Müller attribute to the multinationals is cited as proof that they know what they are doing and that they are doing what works.

Talleyrand has earned the right to be consulted at critical periods of tension and confusion, such as the present. One of his judgments concerning one of Napoleon's more senseless crimes renders a more pragmatic judgment on the indictment leveled by this book. "It was worse than a crime," Talleyrand said. "It was a blunder." The faceless bureaucrats commuting between executive suites around the world are not a disciplined and dedicated corps of latter-day Genghis Khans reading from a common rule book and executing signals with the ruthlessness of K.G.B. operators playing at being economic men. Mencken had a now-forgotten term for the bureaucrats: They are the contemporary embodiments of what he called the "booboisie," and they are running as scared and functioning as fecklessly as janissaries with mouths bigger than their brains always do.

At the time Barnet and Müller projected this book, the organized business-school alumni who have evolved into the multinational bureaucracy were intoxicated with delusions of grandeur. The book's publication date finds them sharing with auto workers the horrors of job insecurity. It also finds the entire multinational managerial fraternity intent on personal survival until retirement and on the run from political crackdowns and financial bust-ups.

One of the valuable achievements of Barnet and Müller is their documentation of the exaggerated claims put forward by assorted spokesmen for the bureaucrats as wonder-workers. The marvel of it is that the book is not bigger! The pity of it is that these diligent and idealistic researchers have taken the pretensions of the public-relations men more seriously than Cervantes took the visions of Don Quixote. But any shortfall of realism in their premise of omnicompetence and omnipotence is more than offset by the burden of ridicule they reserve for the philosophers of the movement. The trouble is that the nonsense quoted is as often as not served up as cold-sober practicality. "I think getting General Electric into China and the Soviet Union," they quote a pompous idiot described as a G.E. long-range strategist, who was undoubtedly an M.B.A. and is certainly a busy convention-goer, "is the biggest thing we can do for world peace." They even take Peter Drucker seriously in envisioning the global corporation ushering in a genuine world economy operating a "global shopping center." *Globaloney* rings a more familiar bell with a more authentic contemporary echo.

But nationalism is more than ever the order of the day. The measure of our progress since the disaster of the Thirties is that the Great Depression was invited and, therefore, war became inescapable within a decade, while now both blights are threatening to arrive together. The threat is enough to be subjecting the various national arms of the multinationals to crackdowns restricting their operations, freezing their profitability, taxing their resources, and, as in the case



"Faster than a speeding bullet. . . . More powerful than a locomotive. . . . No shorthand?"

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of the big oil companies, expropriating their assets.

Barnet and Müller have preached a jeremiad against the presumed success story of the multinationals. But any resemblance between any of them and a functioning octopus is rapidly becoming a blurred memory. They are falling apart as power entities and profit vehicles before the attack on them can knock them over. The big surprise the next Congress will bring is that the confident effort to finance anti-depression emergency programs with tax catch-ups against the presumed profitability of the multinationals will be the fiscal equivalent of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

Barnet and Müller are obsessed with the quixotic notion that the multinationals are bland post-nationalistic pretenders to the mantle of the nationalistic nuts who have tried and failed to take things over and run them in the past. The authors show no awareness whatever that the richest of the multinationals are running out of money. In fact, the only characteristic the multinationals share with the megalomaniacs known as sovereigns is that of needing to find new ways to raise more money. Talleyrand might have said that attributing efficiency and profitability, much less foresight, to the managements of the monsters known as multinationals was worse than fearing a threat; it was falling for a hoax. Another way of putting it is to remember that if your aunt had a lid, she would be a teapot, and that for the lack of it, she is not your uncle.

It is a far cry from the old-time wolves of Wall Street to today's tame multinational managements. Before Barnet and Müller took the accomplishments and pretensions of the multinational establishments seriously, Wall Street did. Of the 50 institutional favorites that once ruled the Wall Street roost, all but one leisure-time promotion owed their membership in the select club of market leaders to the multinational label they sported. The international oils were the first to fall out of market favor and to collapse into line with the mangy menagerie of domestic cats and dogs on the Big Board. The last splashdown is being reserved for the multinational banks, and it will be the biggest. (Barnet and Müller are under the popular misimpression that banks own the stocks of corporations. Only the trust affiliates of the banks own stocks and only as trustees for the beneficial accounts of their clients, who have the power to fire them for bad performance and are increasingly using that power. The banks have their full share of headaches, being owed money by the corporations Barnet and Müller complain of their controlling, without being plagued by the additional headache of owning controlling interests in them.) The myth inflated by the reputation of the multinationals for maxi-profitability at the time this book was conceived is being exploded by the demonstration of their mini-competence as it is born.

Barnet and Müller render a distinct service in documenting and elaborating the evidence that the multinationals are uniformly more profitable in their foreign operations than in their domestic operations. Indeed, in some conspicuous cases, the foreign operations of multinationals were the only ones that were profitable at all. Barnet and Müller seize on this key point and conclude from it that the overseas profitability of the American multinationals is a mark of their strength. Their critique stumbles into the same naive trap that the policy of the multinational managements has been engineering for them: namely, that the unprofitability of the domestic operations of the multinationals (absolute in some cases, relative in others) is a mark of their weakness.

The authors deserve great credit for stripping off the devil's horns that have been put on Senator Hartke by press agents of over-zealous multinationals. They treat his drive to save the multinationals from their own impracticality as the exercise in practicality that it is. But Barnet and Müller fail to grasp the thrust of his thesis that unless America does well, everyone starting out doing better abroad is foredoomed to finish doing worse. It is progress when the tone of revelation need no longer disguise the naiveté and the vulnerability of the multinational bet on overseas profitability as an offset to the domestic squeeze on it. But it is a detour from the road to realism when corporate escalator climbers are built up into master Machiavels, capable of running "global shopping centers" and establishing some sort of private club as a de facto world government.

John Kennedy's philosophical way of referring to his presidential accomplishments as a "mixed bag" applies with particular force to the weakest single section of the book, the portion dealing with the underdeveloped countries. Idealism about the underdeveloped countries does not go with practicality about dollar de-

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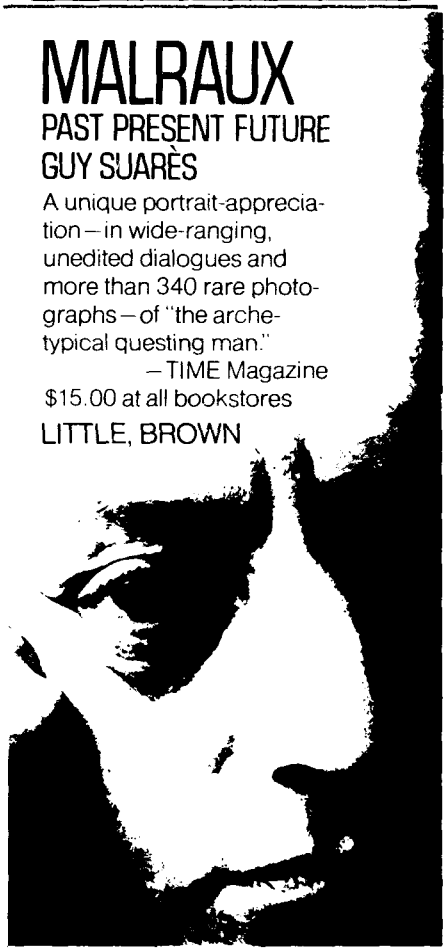

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"Multinationals are falling apart as power entities and profit vehicles before the attack on them can knock them over."

cision-making—certainly not for corporations answerable to anxious creditors for money owed, as all multinationals increasingly are, much less to dissident stockholders fortified by the protective support of the regulatory agencies and the courts. Barnet and Müller sound as intoxicated with the multinational myth as are the butts of their ridicule when their own idealism prompts them to declare that "for the Earth Managers, the underdeveloped world is the supreme management problem." The authors are dead right in saying that "a global shopping center in which 40 percent to 50 percent of the potential customers are living at the edge of starvation without electricity, plumbing, drinkable water, medical care, schools, or jobs is not a marketable vision." But they are tilting at windmills with their pronouncement that "in their bid for managerial power on a global scale, the men who run the global corporations must demonstrate that they have the answer to the problem of world poverty."

Unfortunately, the simplest and most practical rule of thumb for rating any multinational corporation is by its prudence in avoiding all underdeveloped countries as the Typhoid Marys of insolvency that, without exception, they are. Barnet and Müller labor under the delusion, for example, that the First National Bank of Boston and its global clients can develop five-year projections which would yield much more sophisticated information about Argentina than has the Argentine government—as if the Argentine government knew what it was doing about anything and as if Argentina still had an economy. The authors' attribution of special forecasting capabilities to this not particularly distinguished member of the multinational banking fraternity reckons without the ruinous idiocy the banks as a group have perpetrated on themselves and on their global clients: They have systematically misread the data available to any dentist's wife in Sioux City and suckered themselves and their corporate clients into a mountainous burden of short-term loans underfinancing long-term projects.

Barnet and Müller castigate the multinationals for repatriating money out of the Colombias of the world as fast as they can. What do they think the Colombians do with their own money in their own country? The authors complain that Sears has been charging interest rates in excess of 30 percent there. How much do they think Colombians charge Colombians? How contemptuous do they think Colombians are of any American corporate colossus mousetrapped into putting its own hard money into Colombia? How much hard money do they think Colombians have in their own country as an investment base on which they collect their cash "take"? With inflation in America already carrying us more than halfway to Argentina and Colombia (where inflation is not exactly standing still) and with consumer financing charges in America in excess of 20 percent, what is excessive about 30 percent in Colombia? After all, the rate of interest minus 3 percent (as a credit for what the use of the money would be worth without inflation) measures the rate of inflation that, in turn, measures the rate of political risk against the hope of business reward.

ON THE PRACTICAL SIDE of this "mixed bag," Barnet and Müller are onto the fantasticizing about Brazil as the promised land. Milton Friedman and his opposite numbers on the neo-Keynesian flank of the academic-economic establishment have joined intellectual forces in hailing "the Brazilian miracle" as an American model. No book that blasts this nonsense can be all bad. Before the bottom fell out of the Brazilian boom, the authors had the sense to quote a Brazilian as warning that "Brazil is doing well, but the people are not." On the negative side of the same equation, they are taken in by a Rand Corporation "think tank" Machiavel warning that the Japanese were outdoing the Americans in Brazil because they were less greedy and more patient—that was before the Japanese ran out of money and scrambled to dump the Brazilian assets for which they had overpaid with borrowed dollars.

But the most impractical gaffe in this mixed bag of healthy-minded indignation and softheaded moon-gazing is the book's acceptance at face value of the dependence America has developed on exporting crops, minerals, and timber to maintain its trading position—as if America had no alternative but to subsidize her competitors (Russia and China included) by giving them grab-bag options on her distinctive reservoir of primary products. Not only is there no way in which an industrial power can balance its accounts by exporting raw materials and importing manufactured goods, but also there is no need for the effort—and no sense to it—when the customers for the crops, who happen to be the competitors for the markets for manufactured goods, have no place else to go. But idealism and indignation offer no guidelines for the mobilization of America's agripower. Neither do the mouthings of McNamara, whom Barnet and Müller persist in taking seriously as a voice of practicality rather than as a refugee from realpolitik at the World Bank.

Barnet and Müller are at their best —and a very stimulating and penetrating best it is—roaming the frontiers of philosophical speculation with Ricardo, Weber, Veblen, and Tawney, and probing the historical analogies and anticipations of the multinational phenomenon. Their discussion of Weber's explorations of the problem confronting any new elite in quest of legitimacy is worthwhile on its merits. But again, Barnet and Müller overshoot their mark in taking the multinationals seriously, as if they were on their way to taking over as governments. The trend greeting their publication date is lurching in the exact opposite direction. In country after country—and by no means in just the oil-producing countries —the foreign subsidiaries of the multinationals are being taken over into protective custody by governments left holding the bag with the bust their boom has invited.

Lest Barnet and Müller think me prejudiced, cynical, or naive, on November 28 Chancellor Schmidt clamped a "code of good behavior" on 14 major American multinationals and committed them to the protective custody of Krupp—a housemother pregnant with ominous symbolism. Anyone who mistakes for nationalism the call to a new American internationalism embodied in my concept of American agripower will do well to study the sayings of Chancellor Schmidt. Such study will also quiet the fears voiced in this book. □

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A New Boswell for the Doctor

Samuel Johnson
by John Wain
Viking, 384 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Robert F. Moss

At the death of Samuel Johnson in 1784, William Gerard Hamilton, a noted political figure of the day, was moved to eulogize: "He has made a chasm, which . . . nothing can fill up." Indeed, the gap must have seemed equally cavernous to most of Hamilton's contemporaries, men whose culture had found its truest voice, its surest hand, in Dr. Johnson. But such are the vicissitudes of literary taste that by the early 1800s the Romantic rebellion was under way, and Johnson, deemed the *tyrranus rex* of Neoclassicism, was swiftly deposed. Accused of "contemptible" writing by Wordsworth and lack of "feeling" by De Quincey, Johnson was packed off to dwell in the literary shadows with Pope, Swift, and other Augustans who, from the Romantics' perspective, had sinned against the heart. In an 1831 essay Thomas Macaulay offered an even more damning portrait of Johnson as a monstrous if learned grotesque, with Boswell vaguely in the background scribbling mindlessly; all too influential, the essay extended Johnson's exile from English readers by almost a century.

In terms of image Johnson remained, at best, a gruff but lovable eccentric until just after 1900, when pioneering studies, such as Sir Walter A. Raleigh's *Six Essays on Johnson*, began to scrape through the carnival mask to the real Johnson. The restoration gained enormous impetus from the unearthing of Boswell's notebooks at Malahide Castle in Ireland in the 1920s. This extraordinary cache helped to explode the notions (contradictory to begin with) that Boswell was merely a fortunately placed stenographer and that Johnson was essentially Boswell's creation. Simultaneously, a literary re-evaluation of Johnson had been stimulated by men as diverse as T.S. Eliot and Alfred Noyes, who found in Johnson a gifted poet and a commanding critic. Over the next 40 years the field of Johnsonian studies reopened in a big way, and scholarly excavations were probing every conceivable subtopic—Johnson's politics, his Christianity, his relationship with Hester Thrale, and so forth.

From the book
Samuel Johnson—"A gruff but lovable eccentric."

In this increasingly exhausted territory, one of the few underexploited areas is that of popular biographies of Johnson. It is this need that John Wain—the English poet, novelist, and critic—seeks to fill with his *Samuel Johnson*. In his introduction, he specifically identifies his intended audience as "the intelligent general reader" and disclaims any scholarly expertise. But, oddly enough, Wain immediately effaces this admirable humility by adopting a rather contemptuous attitude toward Boswell's great biography, which he evidently blames for the distorted image of Johnson that still persists in some quarters.

As one reads on, modesty begins to seem far more appropriate to Wain's work than arrogance. Setting up Johnson as an exemplar of a truly exacting mind, fiercely lucid and rigorous, Wain condemns the modern tendency toward "shoddy thinking"—while frequently exhibiting this tendency himself. Consider the fuzzy vision inherent in his declaration that Johnson "always found it easier . . . to identify with the opposition rather than the established power" and try, if you can, to fit it into the conservative, institution-worshiping temperament that Wain elsewhere ascribes to Johnson. When Wain tries for an overview of an entire age, the fog can really set in. Rhapsodizing foolishly over eighteenth-century England, where "ugliness was unknown," he triumphantly compares it with the modern age, in which virtually everything is "hideous."

Nor is Wain's style all that one might hope for. The recurrence of bleached-out phrases—"brush strokes" in the portrait of Johnson, "seismic tremors" of the coming Romantic age—indicate that Wain is unaware how completely these tropes have lost their original color. Worse still, there is an occasional ooze of sentimentality ("The sad decline of Elizabeth Johnson's life is . . . like a plangent little melody played just out of earshot. . . .") and some unfortunate lapses of taste (". . . help was at hand [for Johnson]. The United States Cavalry was just over the hill in the shape of a posse of booksellers").

Such is a partial checklist of Wain's failings as a biographer. Given their severity, it is remarkable, then, that his book can still be warmly recommended. Among its virtues is a concise and convincing defense of Johnson's much-disparaged political attitudes. In place of the "stupid old reactionary" of popular mythology, Wain gives us a shrewd realist whose Tory conservatism was rooted, not in class prejudices, but in a profound sense of human fallibility. Moreover, as Wain shows, Johnson's brand of Christianity was too broad (or was it too scrupulously narrow?) to condone the

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rapacity of colonialism or the inhumanity of slavery. To our modern eyes, weary of racial oppression, Johnson looks awfully good when we see him "toasting the next insurrection of the Negroes in the West Indies" before a shocked gathering of Oxford dons.

In appraising Johnson's place in English letters, Wain finds the right throne for him and the right reasons for installing him there. As a critic, Johnson surpassed all predecessors, and in the scope, the subtlety, and the intelligence of his work, created standards that have rarely been equaled. His famous dictionary, that staggering prodigy of one man's intellectual strength, marked the beginning of modern lexicography. As for his verse, at least two poems, "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," have a stately, if mournful, eighteenth-century grandeur that only the most jaundiced anti-Johnsonian can dismiss. *Irene*, his ill-fated tragedy, has gone to a musty, archival destiny, but "Rasselas," his moral fable wrapped up in an Oriental tale, has survived. If anything more is needed to certify Johnson's eminence, there is of course his imperial prose style, that superb instrument of unfaltering periodic cadences and massive organ tones.

Relaying these judgments of contemporary scholarship, Wain speaks with genuine conviction. Realistically, however, it is unlikely that Johnson will ever again be widely read outside the university, and Wain's greatest service is strictly in the biographical sphere. Despite his stylistic mediocrity, he is almost uniformly successful in animating the various stages of Johnson's life—the sickly, repressive upbringing in provincial Lichfield; the abortive enrollment at Oxford; the squalor and misery of the early years in London; the belated recognition; the adoring circle of votaries and disciples; the late, embittered period when his 20-year friendship with Mrs. Thrale came to a sad, painful end. Steadfastly avoiding embellishment and invention, Wain puts his novelistic abilities, slight though they are, to good use in dramatizing his subject.

AND WHAT A SUBJECT! Here, alive and breathing, is Sam Johnson himself, with his sloppy, bearish appearance, his convulsive walk, and his bizarre mannerisms. With the same vividness, Wain shows Johnson's successful struggle to compensate for his physical defects by the breadth of his knowledge and the force of his personality. No one, it seems, could withstand the sheer locomotive intensity with which Johnson bore in upon people. "If his pistol misses fire," said Oliver Goldsmith, a close friend and frequent victim, "he will knock you down with the butt-end of it." Yet, if he was a conversational autocrat, he fascinated his vassals (besides Goldsmith, there were Burke, Gibbon, and Sir Joshua Reynolds) as few such tyrants ever had.

Inside the bellowing, overbearing Johnson there was a gentler, more somber figure, often afflicted with paralyzing depressions, and Wain gives him the attention he deserves. Johnson's deep sympathy for the needy and the oppressed is movingly evoked in his relationship with his black servant, Frank Barber; in his tenderness toward old friends like Edmund Hector; and in his willingness to see his home converted into a charitable institution for the various indigents, beggars, and prostitutes he collected. And Wain never lets us lose sight of the fact that Johnson's acts of generosity, no less than his roistering, disputatious social activities, were fortifications against an inner darkness, the threat of madness that crouched above him throughout his life.

It is further to Wain's credit that he is forthright and honest in toting up Johnson's more substantial deficiencies. He leaves us in no doubt that the "Great Moralist" effectively abandoned his mother during the last 20 years of her life; neglected his wife, Elizabeth, to dally with younger, more attractive women; and even nurtured masochistic sexual fantasies that he wanted Mrs. Thrale to share.

Wain gives us the whole man, then, the complete human being. His competition in this endeavor is not only tough but insurmountable, as he himself eventually acknowledges. Boswell's *The Life of Samuel Johnson* is more than the definitive portrait of the man; it is the definitive English biography, period. Since Wain's work remains securely anchored to the Boswell *Life* throughout—in spite of his somewhat covert criticisms of it—one doesn't quite know whether the little Scotsman would feel flattered or resentful. But if Wain succeeds in introducing Johnson to a newer, wider audience, does this not fulfill Boswell's hope that "a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues, were so extraordinary . . . will be regarded . . . by posterity, with admiration and reverence"? □

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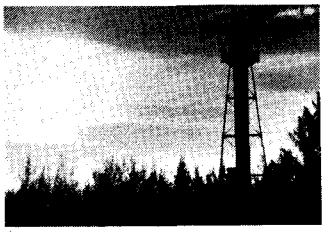

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Adventures in Ideology

Pyramids of Sacrifice: Political Ethics and Social Change
by Peter L. Berger
Basic Books, 242 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by W. Warren Wagar

Scholars studying the fever chart of contemporary civilization have learned to expect sudden change. The "fever" in question is commitment to those quasi-theological structures of secular belief that we infelicitously call ideologies. In the cynical Twenties ideologies fell out of favor. In the conflicts of the Thirties and Forties, they returned. The Fifties rendered them obsolete once more—it was "the end of ideology," the period "after Utopia," the "ice-age of the spirit." Beginning in the Third World, ideological enthusiasm heated up again during the Sixties and recorded its highest reading in the May Days of Paris 1968 and Cambodia 1970.

Since then, by all accounts, humanity's temperature has abruptly taken another downward plunge. For the third time in half a century, disenchantment is "in," and the programs of ideologists are dismissed as the fantasies of fanatics. *Pyramids of Sacrifice*, by the prolific Rutgers sociologist Peter L. Berger, is the latest manifesto of this worldwide disenchantment. It is a subtle, learned, and yet ultimately blood-chilling rejection of the ideological impulse.

"Never breathe this to another soul, Morton, but the only real money I've ever made was under socialistic, pinko, Democratic administrations."

Condensed for the reader's convenience into a list of 25 theses immediately following the preface, Berger's message comes across with near-perfect clarity. It is the old debate of Sartre versus Camus, with Berger playing a somewhat Anglo-Saxonized Camus and addressing himself in particular to the problem of economic development. The struggle of the Third World to achieve modernization, he writes, is not worth the cost imposed by Western capitalism and by Soviet or Maoist socialism. A plague a' both your houses! Berger counsels the Third World to follow a Third Course. It must search out "intermediate structures," ways for each country to modernize itself that operate somewhere between the two extremes of self-affirming, community-denying capitalism and self-denying, community-affirming socialism. Each country should devise its own program, replacing ideological purism with pragmatic realism. Sick with shame after the imperial adventures of the Sixties, the United States should simply "be itself," a "vast laboratory for innovative experiments to solve the dilemmas of modernity."

Most of *Pyramids of Sacrifice* offers analysis rather than advice. Berger draws ably on his background as a sociologist of religion and knowledge. He takes the familiar position that the ideologies of our time are, in effect, substitutes for religious faith. In place of salvation, they promise growth, progress, utopia. Like the Cargo Cult that arose on various Pacific islands early in this century, ideologies undertake to deliver an abundance of good things—but not right away. Whether the model originates with Adam Smith or with Karl Marx, the cost is always too high. Doctrinaire modernizers demand a generation of sacrifice and a radical rupture with the past that leaves men feeling homeless.

The "pyramids of sacrifice" erected by ideologues come in all shapes and sizes, Berger notes, from the million victims of the Spanish civil war to the 5 or 10 million victims of Maoist terror in China in the early Fifties to the peasant masses whose poverty deepens yearly in such capitalist countries as Brazil. Equally devastating is the cost in meaning. Although Maoism, for example, attempts

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W. Warren Wagar is a professor of history at the State University of New York at Binghamton. His most recent book is Good Tidings: The Belief in Progress from Darwin to Marcuse.

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"Religions and ideologies fail to deliver the cargo they promise . . . but they give us meaning and purpose in the work of life."

with fair success to serve as an ersatz religion, it has done lethal violence to the values of Chinese tradition—the family, ancestor-worship, private ownership of land, the pacific morality of Confucianism. "This regime," Berger complains, "has succeeded in making one of the liveliest peoples in the world walk the streets without noise and without laughter."

Nor, he insists, has totalitarian socialism managed even to deliver the cargo of material abundance promised by its own mythology. Wealth is far more equitably distributed in modern China than ever before, but China remains a poor country, and its agricultural growth rate has been identical with that of India. The evidence is still not conclusive, in Berger's judgment, that economic modernization proceeded any more expeditiously even in Stalin's Russia than it could have done under a capitalist regime during the same years.

The failures of capitalism are somewhat different but also unacceptable to Berger. In Third World countries functioning under capitalism, economic development has meant an increasing concentration of wealth at the top and increasing misery at the bottom. The "spread effect" that advocates of capitalism confidently prophesy shows no sign of happening. Arguments from Western history miss the point that the economic, social, political, and cultural situation of the West in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries differed immensely from that of the Third World today. In any event, the Third World is both cripplingly dependent on the already developed West and too threatened by the crush of exploding populations to afford the leisurely pace at which economic democratization occurred in Western countries: "The evidence . . . to date, in most parts of the Third World, supports the Marxist critique rather than the capitalist apologetic."

In light of the failure of ideology, Berger can only conclude that the correct path for the Third World is one that abandons abstract formulas, treats with sympathy and respect all nativist resistances to modernization, firmly rejects foreign control whether from the capitalist or the Socialist world, and moves forward gingerly, solving problems one at a time in an open-ended, flexible, humane manner—after the Yugoslavian or Peruvian, rather than the Chinese or Brazilian, example.

At the same time, Berger assures us that his book is "as much a quest for a method in political ethics as . . . a discussion of development problems." He stops short of complete pragmatism. On certain ethical questions he expects consensus, and from the consensus, guidance for policymakers. What questions? Very simply, the questions that elicit a common nay: "*No* to children living in garbage, *no* to exploitation and hunger, *no* to terror and totalitarianism, *no* to anomie and the mindless destruction of human meanings." What can unite and guide us is our refusal to pay the costs in pain and meaning imposed by ideologues or, for that matter, by technocrats. "From these concrete instances of saying no, one may then move ahead to the painstaking task of finding alternatives which will not only be morally acceptable, but which will work."

Since Berger is saying what most liberal Americans in the mid-Seventies want to hear, it is safe to predict that *Pyramids of Sacrifice* will find many sympathetic readers. He is a skillful polemicist. He has a quite adequate command of the language of current ideological controversy and puts his knowledge of religion to good use. His intolerance of human suffering and of imperialism from whatever source will meet with approval in our post-Stalinist, post-Johnsonian, post-Nixonian political climate. The tales and anecdotes that he sandwiches between the chapters, based mainly on his recent firsthand experience of the dilemmas of modernization in Latin America, stick vividly in memory.

But *Pyramids of Sacrifice* must stand or fall on the strength of its success as a critique of ideological reason. It falls or, at the least, stumbles badly.

BERGER'S FIRST SIN is to follow the maddeningly ambiguous procedure of all "ethical" pragmatists and to veil the sources of his values. If there is to be no overarching ethical theory, and no ideology, but only, says Berger, a humane "ethic of responsibility" (*Verantwortungsethik*), what do we mean by responsibility? To whom or to what shall we be responsible? To human welfare? Well, then, what is "welfare"? What is "humane"? What does cutting social costs to a "minimum" involve? Who ever advocated paying a "maximum" price anyway, if he judged that a lower one would do? Where are we going, and why? Berger's anti-formulas are essentially without content, easily adapted to justifying a policy of doing nothing and going nowhere, in close attunement to the apathetic *Zeitgeist* of the Seventies.

Worse yet, as Berger above all should realize, ideologies are more than specific programs for socio-political action. They supply religious energy. Their hopes and dreams may not survive the sharp analysis of the sociologist of knowledge; once institutionalized in concrete situations, they may not survive the hard hindsight of the debunking historian. Nevertheless, quoting Berger himself, "man needs religion."

In the final analysis, all religions, including Christianity, fail to deliver the cargo they promise, but religions and ideologies do not fail to deliver something else of more significance. They give us anchorage: meaning and purpose in the work of life. As the traditional religions indubitably fade, the ideologies replace them, and what humanity needs now is better myths, not disenchanted counsels of prudence and patience. If our current myths martyr us, if they tear the living hearts from our breasts with Aztec knives, the appropriate answer is to summon up religious or ideological faith of a higher order, to make a higher civilization less unworthy of our humanity. Or try.

Or try. This, of course, is precisely what manifestos—and eras—of disenchantment will not allow us to do. They never ask us to suspend all action, but when taken seriously, they help to kill even the possibility of fresh hoping and dreaming. Like the garish comic books that gravely condemn crime in their final panels but have the real effect of romanticizing violence, adventures in the sociological debunking of ideology officially preach a wholesome pragmatism, but their real effect is to nurture numb acceptance of the status quo. Nothing is easier than exposing the incongruous distance between the goals and the results of any movement in human affairs. Being human, we always fall short. But who are

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the real realists—the debunkers who blink with astonishment at the failures of faith or the prophets who give us energizing visions?

Still, Berger is worth reading. His attacks on the specific ills and woes of contemporary capitalism and socialism in the Third World make an abundance of sense, although he often lets capitalism off too easily. He rightly stresses the importance of national self-determination in the effort to modernize, and the further importance of listening to the people, understanding their resistance to change, and winning their active participation in defining what needs to be done. He strikes a convincing balance, too, between the ideals of a value-free and a value-impregnated social science. It is all very reasonable. *Pyramids of Sacrifice*, the author reports, offers "some first steps toward a *hard-nosed utopianism*."

I note the hard-nosedness, but I doubt the utopianism. The danger of such books—let me repeat—is the excuse they give us for doing nothing. We need the oxygen of hope as well as the sense of limits. What passes, in one light, for a pyramid of sacrifice may also be visible, in another, as a spire of aspiration. □

New Books

Monsieur

by Lawrence Durrell
Viking, 305 pp., $8.95

Like his *Alexandria Quartet*, Lawrence Durrell's *Monsieur* is a difficult book to approach critically. One is almost immediately swept up in the sheer gorgeousness of its language: Durrell's powers of evocative description are remarkable. And, despite, or perhaps because of, the exotic and extravagant nature of both its plot and settings, one very quickly and willingly suspends disbelief, giving oneself over for the book's duration to the often fantastical quality of the tales told by its several narrators. Mood, if it is not everything in *Monsieur*, is still most important, and the air that hangs over the places in which the novel is set—Verfeuille, a deteriorating chateau near Avignon; the oasis of Macabru near Alexandria; and the rotting and romantic city of Venice—is delicate, dream-like, lush, ominous, and oppressive all at the same time.

Once it is said, however, that *Monsieur* is an intricate and lovely book, it must also be noted that even its deepest effects are somehow ephemeral. Although it is, among other things, a "novel of ideas," these ideas do not especially strike or stick in the mind. Too, there are some serious problems with the central human relationship in the novel—a repellent *ménage à trois* combining adultery, incest, and homosexuality, which is regarded by the narrator as if it were, before anything else, a romantically mysterious and pretty, if somewhat extraordinary, love idyll. Perhaps because of the emphasis on surface and tone over substance, the "happy trinity of lovers" does not seem, finally, something credible, solid, or compelling. Altogether, reading *Monsieur* is rather like watching a visually enchanting movie; there is no gainsaying the delight of the experience, but, by the same token, one might very easily be left, once the lights go up, wondering about the substantiality of what has gone before. JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

The Life and Death of Mary Wollstonecraft

by Claire Tomalin
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 320 pp., $8.95

Mary Wollstonecraft's feminist polemic, *A Vindication of the Rights of Women*, was published in 1792 and won immediate celebrity for its author. Previously, Miss Wollstonecraft had pursued a number of different occupations—lady's companion, governess, schoolmistress; she had also already done a good deal of professional writing. Political radical, feminist, a complex and difficult woman of broad acquaintance and experience, twice an attempted suicide, Miss Wollstonecraft married William Godwin, the philosopher, in 1797; some six months later, at the age of 38, she died from an infection contracted during the birth of their daughter—another Mary, who was later to marry Shelley. Shortly after his wife's death, Godwin published his *Memoirs* of her; by the standards of the times, Miss Wollstonecraft's life had been a scandalous one, and Godwin's book—rich in the "shocking" details of his wife's private life—succeeded in nothing so much as it did in outraging and disgusting the public. The furor inspired by Godwin's revelations eventually subsided, and Mary Wollstonecraft was, for at least the 100 years following her death, virtually forgotten.

With the current resurgence of feminism, interest in Mary Wollstonecraft once again runs high. Her name has been invoked any number of times in the literature of the women's-liberation movement—in which *A Vindication* has been quoted and referred to in a manner befitting some sacred text. Happily, however, beatification is not the intention of Claire Tomalin's fair, albeit enthusi-

"That's not fair, Dad. Lenny's father lets us watch him work at the gas station."

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astic, biography. She is, not surprisingly, predisposed to the political and social leanings of her subject; while this sympathy leads to a largely unquestioning acceptance of the integrity of Miss Wollstonecraft's ideas, rather than to a scrupulous evaluation of them, it does not, on the other hand, overly prejudice the close and balanced scrutiny given Mary Wollstonecraft's life as a whole. Tomalin's study, soundly researched and gracefully executed, is at once a judicious appraisal of Mary Wollstonecraft the woman and a rounded re-creation of the tumultuous era in which she participated so fully. J.L.C.

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Naked Nomads: Unmarried Men in America

by George Gilder
Quadrangle, 180 pp., $7.95

Mr. Gilder has collected an impressive amount of data for this work, whose theme is that unmarried men are the most desperate people in our society, the most likely to turn to criminality, to commit suicide, to be institutionalized. They make half the money, statistically, that married men make and far less than do single women. Where women are far more capable of sustaining themselves in a single state, and appear in some tests to be even better off than married people of either sex, the single male is a very different matter, a creature grown dangerous to himself and to society because his singleness defies an elementary law of nature. A man, Mr. Gilder sets about proving, is biologically dependent on women: The married state is far more crucial to him than to women. The unwived, unfamilied man declines rapidly with age. Some 60 percent of our criminals are single men, Mr. Gilder points out, adding that we should look to singleness rather than to poverty as the major factor in the commission of crime, and to singleness rather than to race as the significant factor in the incidence of black poverty. (Thirty-nine percent of the black men in America are single as compared with 27 percent of the whites.)

It is a straightforward, well-argued thesis, full of the sort of observations that used to be called home truths, perceptions that find an instant correspondence with what one feels to be reality. The objection one has to Mr. Gilder's otherwise appealing and admirable construction is its tendency to go off into small morality plays, sketches really, that show how foolish Tom or Dick or Harry had hoped to get away with the single life and how that life ended only in grief. Or violent suicide or an accursed wandering all over the earth. It is probably true, or at least the statistics seem to say it is, that the single state is a wretched condition for a man to be in. There is something callow in Mr. Gilder's punitive little fables about what happens to men outside the married state, something that smacks of the most unattractive aspects of the ideologue. It is a serious failing in a book of humanist intention. Still, that aside, it is a rich and penetrating work.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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King James VI and I

by Antonia Fraser
Knopf, 224 pp., $12.95

In *King James VI and I,* as in *Cromwell* and *Mary Queen of Scots,* Antonia Fraser comes to the defense of a generally misunderstood and unpopular historical figure and through "humanizing" him seeks to improve his popular reputation. In the case of James, Mrs. Fraser has singled out a figure singularly deserving of compassion. James, although King of Scotland from 1566 to 1625 and of England from 1603 to 1625, is perhaps best remembered for commissioning the translation of the Bible that bears his name. Physically deformed, socially awkward, and of not more than average intelligence, James was not equipped to face the severe emotional and political crises that confronted him throughout his life.

Separated forever from his mother when he was less than a year old, James had a precarious and loveless childhood. His first two regents were killed by opposing political factions before he was seven years old, and when still a child, he was kidnapped by a group of dissenting nobles. The situation James found in England was less threatening, but no more friendly, than that in Scotland; the English nobles and populace alike regarded James as a foreigner and as such not to be trusted or liked. Given this background, it is understandable that James turned to those who were loyal to him alone and who gave unstintingly of their affection to him. The resulting succession of royal favorites, however, was ruinous to the kingdom's finances and James's own popularity.

The severe economic, religious, and political problems faced by England during James's reign, which were the legacy of the tremendous economic expansion of Elizabethan England, were aggravated by his inadequate measures, although he avoided provoking the civil war that later erupted during his son's reign. Although James was not responsible for the fact that he was ill equipped to deal with the situations he faced as king, he can, nevertheless, be brought to account for his political blunders.

The fault with Mrs. Fraser's biography lies not in its efforts to reach a sympathetic understanding of James's character and his difficulties, but in her attempt to convince the reader that inasmuch as James was aware of the problems facing his realm and tried to cope with them, their subsequent unsuccessful resolutions should not be laid at his door. In addition, *James VI and I,* although a beautifully illustrated book, lacks the thorough research and depth of Mrs. Fraser's first two books. Given the limited space and research, Mrs. Fraser would have done better to have written a thorough analysis of James's character, much as Erik Erikson did in *Young Man Luther,* and to have left aside the political complications. JANE MAJESKI

"Well, that ought to take our minds off inflation for a couple of days."

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Chatty

Ira Sadoff's chatty and somewhat mysterious poems have been popping up lately with great frequency in literary quarterlies and poetry magazines. His first book, *Settling Down*, will be published by Houghton Mifflin on February 11, at $5.95, cloth (paper, $3.95). He's 30 and, like most other American poets, a teacher. In his case, at Antioch. Here's a peculiar poem, "My Last Two Wives":

My last two wives loved everything
about potatoes their ugly color their hopeless
shape they even loved the joke about potatoes
"What has a thousand eyes but cannot see?"
they loved to mash them
fry them boil them until they cried out for help
they loved to cut them open
just to see the cold cup of starch
lying still in its skin like a snowdrift

they could not live without potatoes
it was amazing like a bad habit
they could not stop
from grabbing potatoes off the counters
hiding them in their pocketbooks
and dreaming of endless tables of potatoes
weeping out of all their eyes
caressing them into sleeplessness
making them eat their own dirt

it is a wonder I could not love them

Scots, Wha Hae

Now for a fine, fat anthology that will appeal to anyone with Scottish blood or, for that matter, to anyone who likes to wallow in good reading: *Scotland: An Anthology*, edited by Maurice Lindsay (St. Martin's Press, February 26, $17.50). Prose and poetry from over the centuries from such to-be-expected writers as Burns, Boswell, Scott, and Stevenson, and such contemporaries as Hugh MacDiarmid, Andrew Young, and Edwin Morgan. Lots of *ilkas* and *ferlies*, and just enough glossing to let you know what's being said. I was interested to find, from Burns, words almost exactly the same as those in the beautiful–I had supposed Irish–song, "The Parting Glass." And here's how Josiah Walker, a contemporary of Burns, describes the master reciting his own poetry:

He was standing, during the time, with his face towards the window, to which, and not to his auditors, he directed his eye; thus depriving himself of any additional effect which the language of his composition might have borrowed from the language of his countenance. In this he resembled the generality of singers in ordinary company, who, to shun any charge of affection, withdraw all meaning from their features, and lose the advantage by which vocal performers on the stage augment the impression and give energy to the sentiment of the song.

Seventh Novel

Nicholas Delbanco has published six novels; he's 32. All were loved by the critics and pretty much ignored by the book buyers. Now Morrow is wisely bringing out his seventh, *Small Rain*, on March 10 at $7.95. It's about a tender love affair between a 58-year-old bachelor and a 48-year-old Swiss housewife and mother. Very moving, sometimes funny, it's full of lovers' chitchat, odd information, and learned quotes. Did you know that the best part of the human body to eat is the fleshy part of the palm? Have you ever heard anybody say "tohubohu"? (It means "emptiness and formlessness.") Have you heard this quote from Spengler?–"We will know decline is accomplished when the children of the bourgeoisie take to handicrafts," Uh, oh! A rich and touching novel.

Ebullient

Here at The New Yorker, by Brendan Gill (Random House, February 21, $12.95), is an ebullient, gossipy book about that magazine, by now considered to be middle-aged. Me, I'm sick of people criticizing it, saying, "I can never find anything to read and flip through the pages to look at the cartoons." Nonsense; it runs the best writing of all American publications and is the most meticulously edited. But back to Mr. Gill, whose guarded autobiography this could be considered. I must admit that the book displays a certain amount of self-satisfaction. And why not? Forty years happily employed by the same magazine, eight good books, rafts of children, and bundles of money. I quote:

In fact, not a shred of evidence exists in favor of the argument that life is serious, though it is often hard and even terrible. And saying that, I am prompted to add what follows out of it: that since everything ends badly for us, in the inescapable catastrophe of death, it seems obvious that the first rule of life is to have a good time; and that the second rule of life is to hurt as few people as possible in the course of doing so. There is no third rule. It also seems obvious to me that having a good time is an art like any other, and must be learned. Some have a knack for it and learn easily; others—how many *New Yorker* writers among them!—are without the knack and so never learn the art at all. In childhood, I found that I was among the lucky ones with a knack; sooner than most, I took care to master the art.

One can disagree with him, too:

For it is a maxim I have learned to trust with all my heart that everyone without exception enjoys a sexual life far more active and more rewarding than can be guessed at even by his close friends.

The most thorough portraits are of *The New Yorker*'s founder, the terrible-tempered Harold Ross, and the sweet-tempered William Shawn, his successor. We read about people Gill liked and admired: A. J. Liebling, Joseph Mitchell, William Steig, Edmund Wilson, Saul Steinberg, E. B. White, and about two he *dis*liked and admired: John O'Hara and James Thurber. O'Hara, a nasty drinker and snob; Thurber, who liked nothing better than viciously to turn friends against one another. The book is generously illustrated: photographs, diagrams, documents, and many cartoons. As Ross said about "Talk of the Town," "If you can't be funny, be interesting." Like *Here at The New Yorker*. □

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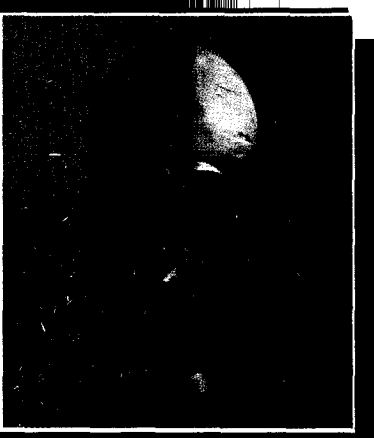
YORUBA, staff [Nigeria]

The powerful god Shango, fourth king of the Yorubas, is evoked by dancers holding this staff. The kneeling figure represents his wife, Oya. Wood. hgt. approx. 11″. $80.

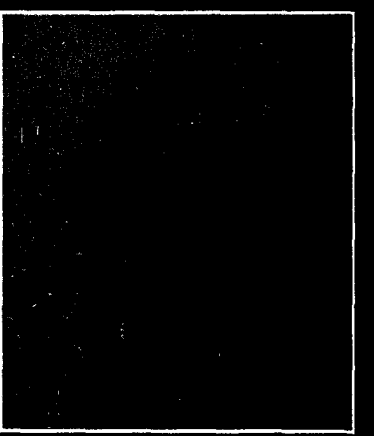
DOGON, figure [Mali]

In Dogon mythology, the Tellem are revered as ancestors. This Tellem figure, praying for rain, is used to protect the harvested grain. Its distinctive style is characteristic of Mali art. Wood, hgt. approx. 28″. $45 incl. mount.



ASHANTI, doll [Ghana]

Young women wear these dolls, which are said to embody the Ashanti ideal of beauty, in order that their child, too, will be beautiful. The disc-shape head, simplified features and columnar body are traditional. Wood, hgt. approx. 9″. $25 incl. mount



MARKA, mask [Mali]

The Marka, a sub-tribe of the Bambara, apply fire and metal to give this mask special powers. The lower half of the mask is sheathed in metal. A fine example of the strong Western Sudanese style. Wood and metal. hgt. 16″. $95

The noble tribes of Africa offe

Thousands of Africans in the drought-stricken Sahelian zone are dying from starvation, malnutrition and disease. When you purchase even a single piece of African art, you help hundreds to survive — including, perhaps, the artist himself. You may also be making a very interesting investment.

Unlike the art of many ancient cultures, the strength and vitality of African art remains undimished even after 8000 years. The tools and methods used centuries ago are the same ones used today: the object is fashioned by an iron-bladed adz from the soft wood of a young tree; a knife is used to carve the fine details; the surface is smoothed by sand rubbed with leaves; and, a patina is developed with oil and smoke, or simply through frequent handling in ceremonies.

Long before Europeans "discovered" Black Africa — the region south of the Sahara — tribal kingdoms flourished as a close-knit network of villages. The inhabitants were farmers of the rainforests and adjacent savannahs, and as their fundamentally religious art evolved, it fulfilled functional, earthly needs. Rain, fertility, power, good fortune — all of the elements necessary to the survival of these societies — became embodied in their art forms.

Sculptors worked entirely within the unique traditions of their tribal styles and design motifs and were generally anonymous. Thus, the highly functional art of Black America has a remarkable consistency. But while the tools, materials and methods are unchanged, fewer and fewer villages are producing their traditional art. After 8000 years the flame is flickering.

The Killing Drought

Six years ago, the vast Sahara began creeping southward. Mile by mile it overwhelmed the fragile viability of the Sahel — the broad, arid savannah that runs from the Atlantic to the Red Sea — and choked its watering holes with dust. Each year the drought has become more devastating, its impact more irreversible. Cattle have perished by the millions. Children and new mothers — always the chief victims of famine — are dying of starvation, disease, and malnutrition. Hundreds of thousands of Sahelians from Chad, Niger, Nigeria, Mauritania, Upper Volta, Mali, Senegal, as well as Ethiopians, have fled before the oncoming Sahara to already overcrowded cities and refugee centers.

Among the organizations that have responded to pleas for help is CARE, a non profit, nonsectarian, private agency for voluntary international aid and development. In its 29 years of existence, CARE has responded to the needs of people in 77 countries on four continents by providing them with $1.5 billion worth of aid.

The Urgent Challenge

"Half of all the world's people suffer chronic hunger or serious dietary deficiency.

"The world has many millions of persons to feed every day to keep them from starvation. But the real need — the urgent challenge — is to increase their ability to help themselves.

"We welcome the Tribal Arts Society program. It helps Africans help themselves by providing a market for their art. It also provides CARE with critically needed funds for direct Sahelian relief and rehabilitation."

— Harold S. Miner,
President, CARE

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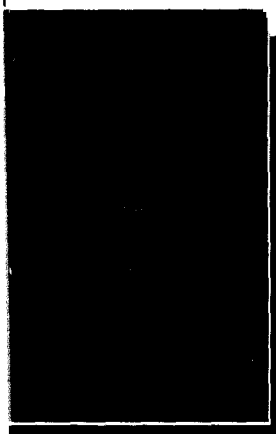

OBO. mask [Upper Volta]

he buffalo is the tribal imal of the Bobo. This ask is used in ceremonies the beginning of the owing season. Its power s in the eyes which are hanced by concentric gs. Wood, hgt. approx. ". $70

headdresses [Mali]

Legend has it that Chi Wara, antelope god of the Bambara, taught man to till the soil. The single male figure and female with baby are paired in dances at planting time. The openwork technique was much admired by Picasso and Modigliani. Wood and raffia, hgt. approx. 36". $110 each incl. mount. $210 the pair

SENUFO. mask [Ivory Coast]

Dance mask (kpelihe) used by male initiates during their bush ceremonies. Various tribal guilds, as well as wings and legs, are symbolized. This mask also serves to drive away "soul eaters" or sorcerers. Wood, hgt. approx. 20". $45.

KURUMBA. figure [Upper Volta]

The graceful antelope god is one of the few subjects of Kurumba sculpture. It is danced in ceremonies during planting season. The same colorful pattern appears on certain masks of the neighboring Bobos. Wood, hgt. approx. 30". $85 incl. mount.

ou their art-to survive.

Relief and Rehabilitation

ARE is now providing all the food and med- al supplies it can to starving Sahelians in had, Niger, and Nigeria. It is also aiding ater development projects. But CARE's re- ources alone cannot possibly cope with the roblem. The threat of famine hangs over illions of Africans as calls for help increase. mergency relief must continue — but, all ossible priority must be given to rehabilita- on aid.

You can help.

The noble tribes of Africa are offering ou their art to help the Sahelians survive. epending on the piece selected, as much s 30% but not less than 10% of the regular tail price of each object sold will go directly to CARE programs in the Sahel. CARE is ted the most efficient agency of its kind in merica. Even your smallest purchase will uy a nutritious meal for 216 children. $2500 uilds a safe water system for 1,000 villagers.

An Investment in Life and Art

ARE will acknowledge in writing the exact ontribution it received as a result of your urchase and send you a report on how this oney was spent. It will make you proud to now that the art you cherish and the dona- on you made possible helped save lives — ncluding, possibly, the artist's.

Your purchase also insures your election to Charter Membership in the Tribal Arts Society, a new organization which seeks to develop a wider appreciation for authentic native arts. Through its direct and often exclusive arrangements with tribes the world over, the Tribal Arts Society can offer you prime examples of the work of master artists and craftsmen. You will have opportunities to purchase these offerings but never any obligation.

The Prospects of Appreciation

You will be interested to learn that prices for authentic African art have tripled in just five years. Only last October at the world's largest and most famous auction gallery, Sotheby Park Bernet, four Ashanti dolls went for $125 to $425, a Yoruba staff fetched $325, a Bambara headdress brought $1,500, and a Dogon figure was knocked down at $1,700.

TRIBAL ARTS SOCIETY, GALLERY 9
84 East 10th Street
New York, N.Y. 10003

Gentlemen: Please send me the African tribal art I have selected, accompanied by your signed certificate of authenticity. You will pay CARE between 10% and 30% of the purchase price, which will be acknowledged to me in writing by CARE, and this money will go directly into CARE programs in the African drought zone.

I will also be elected to Charter Membership in the Tribal Arts Society which will guarantee me priority on purchase of future offerings by the Society without any further cost or obligation.

I reserve the right to return my purchase wihin 30 days for full refund and cancel my membership if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Bambara headdress — male $110
- ☐ Bambara headdress — female $110
- ☐ Bambara headdresses, pair $210
- ☐ Bobo mask $70
- ☐ Senufo mask $45
- ☐ Dogon figure $45
- ☐ Yoruba staff $80
- ☐ Kurumba god $85
- ☐ Ashanti doll $25
- ☐ Marka mask $95

Prices include postage and handling.
N. Y. residents add sales tax. TOTAL $_____

Enclosed is ☐ check ☐ money order.

Please charge ☐ Diners Club
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge

Master Charge Interbank #_____

Account #_____ Expires_____

Signature_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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J. M. W. Turner: An Enigma

by Katharine Kuh

Last fall London was shrouded in rain; there was no escape from the sodden gloom. One dark morning, shortly after the Turner show was launched at the Royal Academy, I arrived a few minutes before opening time to find a long queue winding around the wet courtyard of Burlington House. At the stroke of 10 we scrambled in and up the familiar flight of stairs to an exhibition that can only be described as fabulous.

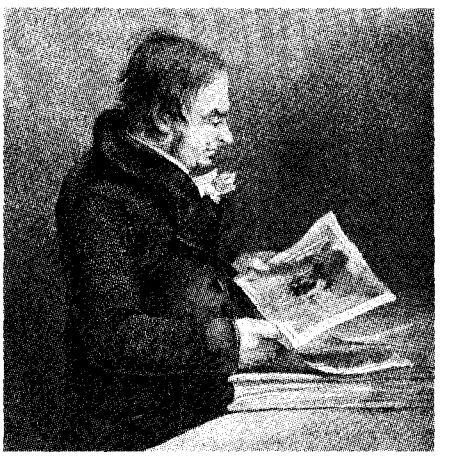
That day the galleries were packed with viewers, chiefly British, who had come to examine the work of their greatest painter in the most comprehensive survey ever mounted. Waiting in the rain was worth the discomfort, and so, too, was the struggle through a plethora of dull early works, for despite the official catalog's claim that "everything he touched . . . bears the mark of genius," Turner might today be remembered as little more than a competent English landscape painter had he died before his middle forties.

He was born in 1775, and this exhibition, organized jointly by the Royal Academy and the Tate Gallery, is by way of a bicentennial celebration that will continue on view until March. The catalog lists 803 items, including paintings, watercolors, drawings, graphics, and sketchbooks, plus a number of interesting documents, especially letters and photographs. There are few artists in history who could withstand such extensive and intensive exposure, but in Turner's case the cumulative impact is valuable, if at times redundant. To follow his chronological development in this huge show is to collide repeatedly with the enigma of an artist who set out from predictable roots, yet ended as an inexplicable one-man revolution. Where he came from is clear; how and why he achieved what he finally did is veiled in as much mystery as his later paintings are bathed in vapors. The very size of the exhibition underlines the dichotomy.

One plods through the first galleries, crowded with early, dark, and, as a rule, conventional works conceived in slightly muddy tones of brown and usually in a late eighteenth-century British tradition, which was based, of course, on Dutch landscape painting of the previous century. At this time Turner also admired the great Romanized artists, Poussin and Claude. However, occasional early works by him defied indigenous taste and, with romantic bombast, foretold later extravagances. Yet it was not until almost 1820 that he totally freed himself from all accepted restrictions. Why this finally happened when it happened has never been fully explained.

Why did Turner explore the marvels of atmospheric color more ardently than even the French Impressionists whom he profoundly influenced? Was it because he reacted against the long, dark days of England or because he responded to the cloudless sun of Italy, a country he visited for the first time in 1819, when he was 44? Both conjectures are, obviously, oversimplifications, but both may have left their marks to some degree. After seeing Turner's incandescent later works at Burlington House and after once again plunging into the murk of London, I could not help wondering.

Like Turner, the Impressionists were also enthralled with light; yet they saw it as an intimate natural phenomenon; he, as a supernatural philosophic event. They verged on the prosaic in their acceptance of a scientific fact; he, on the other hand, was involved in transcendental experiences. Each concentrated on light, but the Impressionists were as far from Turner in their attitudes toward it as the Little Masters were from Rembrandt in the pursuit of their common Dutch surroundings. It was never atmospheric conditions in hourly manifestations that concerned Turner; he devoted himself to cosmic forces represented by the volatility of light and by overwhelming natural upheavals. Avalanches, raging storms at sea and on land, human beings fighting against, and usually capitulating to, the elements —these were the powers he dealt with, though in rare instances he also envisioned man-made inventions. One of his famous late canvases, *Rain, Steam and Speed,* commemorates the excitement he felt when, with head out of window and rain pouring in torrents, he traveled on the Exeter-London train. Later Monet was to depict Parisian railway stations enveloped in smoke, but his scenes were limited to steam as a luminous incident. Several decades earlier Turner had dared to go further and combine in a single composition three of the most fugitive elements in the entire visual world. How does one catch the ambience of rain slicing across a landscape when there is no landscape but only the suggestion of a racing object, its form obscured in mists?



Culver

Turner—"a visionary colorist."

Until recently, modern history has complacently relegated Turner to the role of a protean influence on Impressionism, a fact that is technically true but misleading. It was the Englishman's rejection of brown underglazes, his acceptance of heightened tonalities, and his use of transparent, broken pigment that impressed the French Impressionists; yet they were never attracted by the grandeur of his conceptions. They merely borrowed certain methods from him; otherwise he eluded them. During our period he has aroused less interest

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than they, chiefly because references to classical eloquence are suspect today. While Turner projected the majesty of nature, the orthodox Impressionists contented themselves with more humble moments of truth. They portrayed what we see; he interpreted it.

That *Rain, Steam and Speed* and *The Fighting Téméraire*, both pivotal canvases, were not lent to the exhibition by London's National Gallery is little short of scandalous in light of generous loans from other countries, notably the United States. Our museums, which are somewhat meagerly stocked with the artist's work, nonetheless sent outstanding examples across the ocean. The paucity of Turners in institutions other than British is due in great part to the painter's valuation of his own worth. Like Cézanne, he recognized himself as the pioneer of his way and is reputed to have said, "I do not copy nature; I improve on it." In any case, his confidence was such that he willed to England a staggering number of works, his bequest encompassing some 19,000 sketches and preliminary watercolors, hundreds of finished ones, and well over 500 oil paintings.

The Fighting Téméraire, Tugged to Her Last Berth to Be Broken Up, dramatizes the end of the sailing era. The picture is shot through with light, filled with moody color, and symbolic of more than merely the death of a boat. Turner's scenes of shipwrecks were often associated with doomed ships of state and with the dissolution of life. A pessimistic romanticist, he repudiated infirmity, and yet his paintings were consistently involved with the shadow of death. That the artist considered *The Fighting Téméraire* a key composition is underlined by his refusal to sell or even put a price on it, which makes all the more deplorable its absence from the present exhibition, along with *Rain, Steam and Speed* and several other renowned canvases the National Gallery refused to lend.

FURTHER EVIDENCE of the artist's belief in his own work, and evidence, too, of his prolific output, was the private museum he established in 1804 near his London studio on Harley Street. Here he exhibited regularly, often testing experimental and unfinished paintings before he sent them to more official surroundings. Everything about this man was prodigious, except his physical appearance, background, and personal life. His appetite for work, his obsessive productivity, his vaulting imagination, and his poetic command of nature were on a heroic scale. Cataclysmic oppositions fired him. How a thickset barber's son, who lived unpretentiously out of wedlock with his housekeeper, became the foremost painter of a people not given to hyperboles is difficult to explain. English sobriety has always seemed an unlikely source for the explosive Turner.

"Turner devoted himself to cosmic forces represented by the volatility of light and by overwhelming natural upheavals . . . these were the powers he dealt with."

His own slow-blooming genius doubtless accounted for the procession of patrons who eventually benefited the artist financially and, more important, introduced him to a world larger than otherwise might have been open to him. Frequent sketching trips in England and on the Continent were also valuable, but more so were long visits at urbane British estates where Old Master collections were a daily diet. Outstanding was Petworth, the home of Lord Egremont. Here, where Turner lived for several years and even maintained a studio, he was thrown into contact with a highly liberated society. From this period stem several of his most telepathic works, paintings concerned at times with nothing more than sunlight boiling through quivering mists. Precarious and elegiac, they refute all hints of materialism. Except for an overadoring Ruskin, contemporary critics denounced these mature works as the ravings of a madman or charlatan, claiming that they broke every established rule, as indeed they did. Any semblance of form was annihilated; distance was obscured by seething exhalations; line was obliterated.

Although Turner sketched incessantly, keeping records of everything he saw with unremitting zeal, he was not a great draftsman. He was preeminently a visionary colorist. Science in the modern sense attracted him less than a kind of Oriental cosmology; yet neither influenced him. As he grew older, his paintings became progressively more abstract, more hallucinatory. If their titles recalled certain of his earlier moralistic and historical landscapes, still the late works themselves were removed from all tangible reality. Literary and classical allusions were basic ingredients in most of his paintings, but we today are apt to overlook the symbolism he intended and concentrate instead on his visual inventions. He was mainly preoccupied with underlying causes as revealed by natural phenomena. The human body was not his forte, but the human psyche was. He identified the Herculean struggles of man with those of the elements, and often did this without benefit of any human figure. We, today, conditioned by primitive art, tend to veer away from his particular brand of optical oratory. During his last years, expanding fragments of nature into empyrean experiences, he stressed the transitory as he painted conflagrations, inundations, snowstorms: *The Sun of Venice Going to Sea, Shade and Darkness—the Evening of the Deluge*. In 1843 he even named a canvas *Light and Colour*, a title that could readily stand as his apotheosis.

Except for Cézanne, no other artist has handled watercolor so masterfully. It was in this transparent medium that Turner first found his own way and, if one follows his chronology carefully, it is clear how often preliminary experimentation in watercolor predicted larger oil compositions, larger in size though not necessarily in scope. Some of the watercolors are little less than miraculous, projecting radiant worlds on small sheets of paper with only a few limpid brush strokes.

If critics and historians have failed to unravel Turner's riddles, his own poetry, frequently censored as somewhat turgid, can be useful. I recommend a small volume of verse edited by Jack Lindsay and entitled *The Sunset Ship*. In opposition to the views of our century for which he helped pave the way, one poem in particular epitomizes the painter's conviction that the formal aspects of art, consequential as they are, never exist for themselves alone:

Such the use of forms
Peculiar in the realms of Space or Time:
Such is the throne which Man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unshaken, still; and whence he views
In matter mouldering, structures, the pure forms
Of Triangle or Circle, Cube or Cone. □

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

Berio, Rochberg, and the Musical Quote

Luciano Berio may not have started it half a dozen years ago in the work he called *Sinfonia*, but he assuredly gave the idea of using other people's music as a basis for a work of his own a nice bright ring of innovation. What has happened to the idea recently is not nice, rarely bright, and totally bereft of innovation.

Composers, pre-Berio, long utilized musical quotations—references to works of their own or by others—as a form of coded communication. It was a way of reaching those with the knowledge to participate, and perhaps a challenge to those without the knowledge, to bestir themselves. Either way, it added an element of interest not previously present in the normal composer-listener relationship.

One of the first examples of which I have ready recollection may be found in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. It occurs in the supper scene, when the Don is going about his seductive business, playing host to a complement of possible partners. (The Don is not yet aware that he is about to play host to a more sinister visitor, the sculpted likeness of Il Commendatore, whom he killed after an unsuccessful venture into the bedroom of the Commendatore's daughter.) As the Don dines, he asks his servant, Leporello, to identify the music being performed for his pleasure. First comes a work of Martín y Soler, then one by Giuseppe Sarti. At the first notes of the next piece, Leporello remarks: "This one I know only too well"—a reference to the much-played *"Non più andrai"* from Mozart's own *Marriage of Figaro*, written only a year before.

Luciano Berio—Capturing the mood of the moment, not the ear of posterity.

CURIOUSLY, two of the better-known forms of one composer's quoting another are associated not only with Don Giovanni but also with Leporello himself, in the solo he sings (the delight of all *basso buffos*) while he waits outside the house where the Don is bent on adding the Commendatore's daughter to his conquests. It is titled *"Notte e giorno faticar"* ("Night and day I stand on guard"). When Beethoven came to write his *Diabelli Variations* for piano, he discerned—in the falling fourth of the theme's opening phrase—exactly the same interval that Mozart used for beginning Leporello's comic lament. When he introduces it as a variant of Diabelli's theme, amid the mighty polyphonic procedures that had preceded, it is not only a master stroke of contrast but also a cross reference that can only evoke inner laughter. Offenbach's use of the same phrase in the opening scene of his *Tales of Hoffmann* tells us that the singer for whom Hoffmann is waiting is engaged in a performance of *Don Giovanni*.

All of these and sundry others (Wagner's quoting his own *Tristan* in the workshop scene of *Die Meistersinger* to underscore Hans Sachs's statement that he will not imitate the folly of King Mark by taking a much younger wife, or Strauss's suggesting the origin of the fish being served to M. Jourdain in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—by quoting the Rhine motif from Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*) are in the same honor-

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Fresh Faces and First Encounters

Instrumental

Mozart: Six Concertos for Piano and Orchestra (no. 14 in E-flat, K.449; no. 15 in B-flat, K.450; no. 16 in D, K.451; no. 17 in G, K.453; no. 18 in B-flat, K.456; and no. 19 in F, K.459) (RCA). The names of Serkin and Schneider have long been intertwined in the lore of great performances of these works. The difference this time is that the Schneider is still Sasha, but the Serkin is now Peter, who adds to his father's broad-based scholarship a dash and impulse all his own. The year 1784 was a great one for Mozart, as these works (all written in that year) demonstrate: But 1974—in which this project culminated—wasn't so bad either. The remarkably just and zestful performances are finalized by the participation of the English Chamber Orchestra.

Ravel: The Piano Music of Ravel (London). To judge from the designation of this disk as "Volume I," Pascal Rogé is off on a grand tour of Ravel's piano music. He is young and gifted with a fine sense of piano sound and responsive fingers. These are admirable attributes, but hardly sufficient in themselves to qualify in a repertory that was, or is, the pet of such people as Walter Gieseking, Robert Casadesus, Vlado Perlmutter, and Werner Haas. The jacket notes are, typically, flowing over with facts about the familiar repertory but totally devoid of information about the unfamiliar performer.

Takemitsu: Corona (London Version), For Away, Piano-Distance, Undisturbed Rest (Headline-Decca). Toru Takemitsu, whose "November Steps" qualified him (in 1968) as Japan's most promising addition to the worldwide community of composers, has found a soul mate in the young Australian pianist Roger Woodward. In addition to responding with great sensitivity to the relatively conventional "For Away" (meaning a parting gift) and "Undisturbed Rest," Woodward has entered into the remote world of "Corona" with all the resources required to provide (through over-dubbing) the sound of two pianos, harpsichord, and organ. I am as much impressed by the absolute quiet of the disk surface as I am by the sound impressed (now and then) upon it.

Tartini: Violin Concertos in A, B-flat, and G (Phillips). A fill-in on the talents of Salvatore Accardo, whose fine abilities as a performer of an early Paganini concerto were recently commended, this disk shows him to have command of all the qualities to qualify as a master of the classical Italian style of violin writing. That includes a fine, flowing *legato*, sure rhythmic articulation, and a precise dynamic sense. The ensemble called I Musici collaborates productively.

Opera

Puccini: Madama Butterfly (London). For all the glittering sound of the Vienna Philharmonic, directed by Herbert von Karajan, the verdict on this first encounter with his views on *Butterfly*, as conveyed by a star-studded cast, is: case unproven or promise unfulfilled rather than hope exceeded. The Italians (Mirella Freni as Butterfly, Luciano Pavarotti as Pinkerton) hardly respond to Karajan's passion for clarity as they would to another conductor's passion for Puccini; Christa Ludwig is a great Färbarin in Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, trying to scale her voice down to the needs of Suzuki; and the predominantly Germanic sub-principals do not provide the note of authenticity elsewhere absent. Most of all, the expensive undertaking suffers from anemia of attention induced by Karajan's whimsically deliberate tempi. A splendid segment eventually arrives with the "Cherry Blossom" duet and the succeeding trio of Pinkerton, Suzuki, and Sharpless (an uncommonly good effort by Robert Kerns), but too much of the opera has already gone by to be redeemed by its conclusion.

Pavarotti in Concert (London). Luciano Pavarotti's voice and spirits are here much more in keeping with their established qualities than they are in the preceding *Butterfly*. The musical interests are concentrated on the first side of the disk, which offers a superbly well-sung version of Handel's *"Care selve"* (from *Atalanta*) and five flavorsome performances of songs by Bellini. Doubtless the presence of Richard Bonynge as conductor of the Orchestra del Teatro Comunale di Bologna contributed considerably to the finesse and concentration of Pavarotti's effort. The variable quality of the songs by Tosti and Respighi (plus Rossini's *"La Danza"*) reduce the interest of side 2 considerably), although the performances are resolutely good. All of the songs have been provided with orchestral arrangements by Douglas Gamley. They smooth out the rough spots in the originals and also the individuality of the seven composers.

Lutoslawski, Berkeley, Bedford. Peter Pears, tenor, with the composers conducting (London). The element of principal interest here is not the voice of the singer, but the music to which it gives voice. Actually, the voice of Pears is much more vibrantly responsive to his purposes than it was during his recently concluded American appearance in Benjamin Britten's *Death in Venice*. This is all to the advantage of the composers, each of whom participates in the performance of his own work as conductor of The London Sinfonietta. The emphasis throughout is on the intertwined values of text and tone: Lutoslawski has chosen Jean François Chabrun's *Paroles Tissées*, Lennox Berkeley's settings are based on four sonnets by Ronsard, and David Bedford's source is a short story by Arthur C. Clarke. None are cultists or avant-gardists: Each has a personality of his own, especially David Bedford, now 38, whose vistas of Clarke's "Beach" (spread over past, present, and future) are imaginatively conceived.

Miscellaneous

Miles Davis: Get Up With It (Columbia). The prominent dedication, "For Duke," is self-explanatory as the purpose of this newest offering by Miles Davis and his various collaborators. The Ellington eulogy titled "He Loved Him Madly" is a 30-minute essay in reverie and repetition, in which repetition predominates. The other items, bearing such titles as "Rated X," "Calypso Frelimo" (another full-sided fantasy), "Red China Blues," and "Honky Tonk," are full of keenings and ululations that invite esteem for the players but do not make powerful contact with this listener.

Scott Joplin: The Entertainer Ballet (Columbia). This is perhaps the least expectable outcome of the Scott Joplin revival: a derivative of the famous ragtime bard's score for *The Entertainer* rearranged and refined for use by The London Festival Ballet's *Prodigal Son*. Grant Hossack's arrangements are a bit more like Meredith Willson than Scott Joplin, but the durable tunes stand up, nevertheless.

Carl Orff: De Temporum Fine Comoedia (DG). Any new work by the composer of *Carmina Burana*, *Die Kluge*, and *Antigone* is cause for anticipation. However presented on the stage of the Salzburg Festspielhaus in 1973, it is no treat for the unaided ear (the eye is provided with only a summary of the text). For the most part it is declamation and cantillation about the imminent End of Time and the promise that God will want to start all over again, with everyone equal. Why? Christa Ludwig, Peter Schreier, Colette Lorand, and Josef Greindl head a cast that could do much more than is required of it. I.K.

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able tradition of musical "word play."

What came about in Berio's *Sinfonia* of 1968 has been brewing through the century, in the references of Charles Ives to the music of others (especially Beethoven), Stravinsky's covert evocations of Tchaikovsky (*Le Baiser de la Fée*), Rossini (in *Jeux de Cartes*), or Manuel de Falla (in *Pulcinella*), even Art Tatum's snatch of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* in the midst of variations on one of his songs. But Berio did it more daringly, imaginatively, and ingeniously in *Sinfonia* than did any of those who have been lured into imitation.

It should be mentioned that *Sinfonia* was written in response to a commission from the New York Philharmonic–Symphony Society, one of many it extended to celebrate the founding of the Philharmonic Orchestra in 1841. It succeeded better than many of the others for a simple reason: Berio was not aiming to capture the ear of posterity but the mood of a moment—and he did it enduringly. *Sinfonia* is redolent with unrest, with shock and anger at the assassination of Martin Luther King, and, as it happens, with the deep impression made on Berio by the Second Symphony of Mahler in a performance by the Philharmonic under the direction of Leonard Bernstein.

What struck Berio in the Second Symphony was the third movement. It is a ghostly, slithering scherzo in which Mahler converted his song called "St. Anthony Preaching to the Fishes" into an ironically mocking interlude. It occurred to Berio to make Mahler's movement the third movement of *Sinfonia,* superimposing on it memory-carrier references to works of a dozen different composers: Ravel, Strauss, Schoenberg, Shostakovich, Bach, and Debussy among them.

The work was brilliantly imagined and as skillfully executed. It remains a witty challenge to the listener whenever it is heard "live" or on a recording. It has, like all very good humor, a share of sober purpose as well.

Whether Berio's device is a lasting innovation or one lucky throw of the musical dice, has not yet been resolved. Berio has tried again in other works but succeeded only in converting an impulse into a mannerism. Much worse are the instances of imitation, which lack even the cachet of innovation. Among various instances scattered through the past few years have been Michael Tippett's Symphony no. 3, in which the stupendous introduction to the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is reproduced in all its great clatter—with nothing in justification to follow—and Ian Hamilton's "Alastor," in which (I quote Felix Aprahamian of the London *Sunday Times*) the work attained its greatest momentum in "a *pizzicato* section based on many of the themes from Liszt's *Faust Symphony*."

Pizzicato indeed! That, at least, is one thing George Rochberg spared us in the latest example of the genre. Entitled "Music for the Magic Theater," it was introduced at a recent event in the Juilliard's Twentieth Century Music Series, which also produced Gyorgy Ligeti's Double Concerto (*SR*, January 25, 1975). Perhaps *introduced* is inaccurate, for it was a rare example of a premiere that bordered on a revival, consisting, as it did, of stretches of Mozart (Divertimenti, Serenades, and such) mingled—again—with borrowings from Mahler. In and about them, Rochberg interposed comments of his own . . . rather distracting, on the whole. Perhaps there was more Rochberg than these comments suggest—but what I remember (for good reasons) is Mozart and Mahler.

IT IS AN OLD AXIOM in the arts that if you give a dull thing a bright name, it may attain rank, recognition, even respectability. The bright name for this dull thing is "collage" or "*objet trouvé*." The latter term refers to the kind of sculpture or other graphic art in which a foreign, recognizable object can be discerned in the surface of the work around it; the former is defined as "a work of art . . ." made of "various materials not normally associated with one another."

I like "collage" for the Rochberg piece, because—among other things—the term takes in *coll* (from the Greek *kolla*) meaning "glue or paste," a notion not foreign to the idea of excerpting Mozart by the minute, rather than by the measure. As for "*objet trouvé*," how can one describe it when the "found object" preempts interest in the thing in which it is imbedded? I would describe it, like the now forgotten *Musique concrète,* as flash—and destined to go the way of all flash, to a deserved obscurity. □

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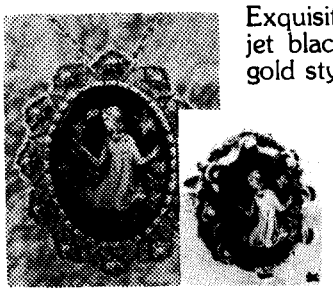

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Seeing Things

by Hollis Alpert

The Murder of Mahler

Ken Russell has written his own apologia for his film treatment of the life of Gustav Mahler. "My film," he says, "is simply about some of the things I feel when I think of Mahler's life and listen to his music." A nice, simple little statement, and what horrors are hidden behind it! Russell is something of a specialist in biographical portraits of composers. For the BBC, he did hour-long versions of the lives of Elgar, Debussy, Delius, and Richard Strauss. In *The Music Lovers* he took some of the more obvious and sensationalistic facts of Tchaikovsky's life and distorted them into a garish parody of the composer's torments.

This time, in *Mahler*, he has gone beyond distortion into nightmare and virtual surrealism in attempting to evoke the composer's essential nature and the components of his creative drive. He uses the terms *symbolism* and *impressionistic* to describe his cinematic technique and thus does a disservice to the artistic connotations of the terms. For his "symbolism" amounts to heavy-handed mockery, and his "impressionism" is an excuse for the betrayal of the facts of Mahler's life.

Russell already has a well-earned reputation for boldness and outrageousness. He seems to be possessed by the need to express in film the artistic process. But each time out, the suspicion grows that he wants to express, not the creativity of his subjects, but his own egotistic frenzy. At best, the result can be called bad art; at worst, it is a kind of murder of his subjects. He pins down his own dreadful presumption by saying: "So Mahler himself really dictated the content of my film and in a sense the musical shape as well—that of a Rondo."

This "Rondo" begins at the end of Mahler's life. He is back in Austria (the year is 1911), having returned from his arduous duties as conductor of both the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Accompanied by his wife, Alma, Mahler is on a train, heading for a country retreat. He has only a few more days to live (though he doesn't know that), and within that frame, Russell backflashes to what he regards as the significant details of Mahler's life. These include scenes from his boyhood, some sketchy (and erroneous) indications of his musical education, his seeking the post of artistic director and conductor of the Vienna Court Opera (a shockingly coarse sequence), his conversion from Judaism to Catholicism (which Russell accounts for as a crude means of combating anti-Semitism), his marriage to Alma and the squelching of her musical ambitions, and, most of all, his fears of Alma's infidelity.

Scattered among the debris that Russell makes of the biographical facts are a few hints that agree with what is known. For the most part, though, Russell substitutes the fevered workings of his imagination, which I am bound to say is not very healthy. *Sick* might be a better word. The scenes of Mahler's early family life—his parents speak in a mixture of cockney and parodistic Jewish accents—might have been written by Joseph Goebbels, so anti-Semitic is their net effect. But he does far worse to Cosima Wagner, whom he supposes to be the ruling force in the musical world of the time. A fantasy sequence attempts to sum up both Cosima's dictatorial role and her religion and Mahler's conversion. Cosima is seen on a mountain top, wearing a Nazi helmet, black kid boots, black net stockings, and a short skirt of crocodile skin on the back of which is emblazoned a swastika (Mahler is cringingly crawling to her, wearing a Hasidic hat and carrying a huge gold star of David). She carries a snake whip, which she cracks at the fearful genius. There is more of this insanity; enough to say it is one of the more sickening spectacles created for the film medium.

Just why Russell should bring Nazi Germany into the story of Mahler's life is, I'm afraid, not a matter for rational analysis. True enough, there was anti-Semitism in Mahler's time, and he did complain self-pityingly, "I am thrice homeless, as a native of Bohemia in Austria, as an Austrian among Germans, and as a Jew throughout the world." Yet he was certainly one of the most distinguished conductors of his period—if not *the* most distinguished. In fact, for a time his fame as a conductor far outweighed his enormous accomplishments as a composer. He might have been spiritually wounded by anti-Semitism (he was hardly the only one), but the facts speak of how little harm was done to his distinguished career by such attacks.

Yet, the bumptious filmmaker says: "Bearing all this in mind, there was no way to treat Mahler's 'conversion' in terms other than I used in the film—if the true implications as they appear to me were to be realized."

Mahler's was a fascinating life; fully as fascinating was that of Alma Mahler, who went on to three other marriages after her first husband's death. It's a literal shame that both had to be treated in this fashion. Russell does supply several excerpts from the symphonies and song cycles, the music conducted under the direction of Bernard Haitink. But, as a film writer, Russell is unable to create anything that might be labeled as character, and his dialogue is mostly a matter of windy and obvious clichés. Through the mess, Georgina Hale does manage an intriguing moment or two as Alma, although she is forced into a baleful, funereal striptease during Mahler's imagining of a cremation ceremony. In the sequence, Alma is accompanied by an honor guard of S.S. troopers. How Mahler might possibly have imagined any such thing is left unexplained. Mahler is played in gloomy, set-faced fashion by Robert Powell, and he creates a character about as interesting as a wet sponge.

One expects by now that Russell will be outrageous about whatever he decides to treat in film. Outrageousness is sometimes justified, particularly if it fits the subject; committing an outrage is another matter. I can't see, in this case, the slightest justification for it. □

FILM NOTES

Stavisky. Alain Resnais attempts to foreshadow the collapse of France in World War II through the Stavisky scandal of the Thirties, in which financial and political corruption (*à la* Watergate) veined through important French circles. Concentrating on decor and costume, he makes the film look beautiful, but emphasizes its diffuse plot by tossing in the episode of Trotsky's French exile, a red herring from which we are supposed to assume something symbolic. Jean Paul Belmondo simply is not up to portraying the elegant scoundrel, but Charles Boyer stands out as a baronial accomplice.

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Chorus from Medea—*"The audience follows the actors... the way lit only by candles."*

Theater Without Words

by Barbara Mackay

A candle burning, a chorus of women moaning, a body swaying, a scream: For many contemporary playwrights and directors, such elements are afterthoughts, special effects tacked on to enhance a scripted scene. The text comes first, the texture after. Props, lighting, choreography, and music are secondary to the play's words.

It is not a new attitude primarily in literary Western theater. When Shakespeare gave Lady Macbeth a taper to carry during her sleepwalk, he was capitalizing on the candle's practical and symbolic potential: It could illuminate the actress's face while it contributed to the generally eerie atmosphere of his scene. But Shakespeare never intended the audience's attention to be focused on the prop instead of on the lady's speech.

Antonin Artaud, the actor-writer-director-poet of the early twentieth century, was probably the most flamboyant critic of this literary bias in theater. He envisioned a drama that would appeal to the senses rather than to the mind, an organic, integral happening—a *mise-en-scène*—in which all the sensual and production elements would be equal in importance to the text. Most important, Artaud dreamed of a new theatrical language "foreign to every spoken tongue," an indecipherable stage-poetry that could communicate experience and emotion without relying on rational dialogue.

More recently, Jerzy Grotowski and his Polish Theater Laboratory brought a highly physicalized, anti-literary theater to the United States. Though Grotowski does use some established texts as a basis for his productions, his approach is like Artaud's in that it minimizes the rational aspects of plot and language, while maximizing the importance of physical detail, movement, gesture.

But contemporary American theater does not have a Grotowski or an Artaud. Nor does it have any playwrights of the caliber of Britain's Samuel Beckett or Germany's Peter Handke, men who have rejected the notion of theater as a forum in which ideas must be expressed in distinct, comprehensible monologues and dialogues, each speech being made up of grammatically correct (or intentionally incorrect) questions and answers, statements, and exclamations.

THERE IS, indeed, a resurgence of interest in mime, judging from the number of classes in a variety of techniques offered to actors and actresses in New York City. Although pantomime is, strictly speaking, the ultimate in nonverbal theater, it does not automatically offer a new or challenging alternative to conventional verbal theater. Lindsay Kemp's *Flowers,* for instance, was an instant flop on Broadway: Decadence without words, it seems, is not altogether that different from decadence with words. And the beginning of Athol Fugard's *The Island,* during which two laborers transform a bare stage into the torrid, dry, buggy island on which they are prisoners, fades off into a moving, but conventional, spoken drama.

All of which contributes to my appreciation of two experimental productions that were offered, oddly enough, about three doors away from one another this winter, on a littered, nondescript street off Manhattan's Bowery.

The New York Theater Ensemble is a scruffy little theater that houses some of the best and some of the worst avant-garde groups in New York City. When I went there in December to see a small group called Mabou Mines, there were, five minutes before show-time, three other people in the audience: I prepared

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for the worst. Instead, I watched not only the best production of Beckett's *Come and Go* I have ever seen or expect to see but also a delightful exercise in absurdity, *The B Beaver Animation*. In this collaborative work, the protagonist is a stuttering beaver that, "ssssummoning ssssangfroid," narrates what seems to be the story of his daily life and his failure to construct, in reinforced concrete, the perfect dam.

I say "seems to be" because this is an extremely impressionistic playlet, with nothing like a conventional plot. Instead, a series of visual and verbal suggestions gradually coalesce in the mind to form a story. But the events onstage are so rich and swift that there is no telling whether I got the whole, or only, story. In fact, there are probably as many stories in a Mabou Mines animation as there are audience members who have seen it.

Nothing in *B Beaver* matches, from the odd scraps of material, wood, and metal that make up the set to the studiously outlandish costumes: One of the five characters wears a silk Japanese dressing gown, sneakers, and a pair of sunglasses with only one lens. The language is equally incongruous. One character begins a sentence; another ends it. Two or three or four characters speak at the same time. Words overlap; images irrelevant to one another are thrown together. Then suddenly out of the general verbal hubbub, a phrase bubbles up to the surface and bursts out, clear and comprehensible to guide the audience along. At one point, for instance, the beaver says, "I go under," which is as much a reflection on his general state of mind as it is of his physical action. Then blue lights play over the stage, a piece of metal is shaken, making a vaguely liquid sound, the actors gurgle, and the scene continues underwater.

Superficially, *B Beaver* is simply an amusing mind-game, a clever illustration of a confused, hapless existence. But at the same time, it's an intriguing, successful theatrical experiment. Instead of dismissing words, as mime does, the group transforms language into rhythmic patterns and creates offbeat associations that demand an intuitive, rather than a rational, response. And the play's linguistic anarchy, in which "meaning" becomes available only in periodic flashes, encourages a mental engagement in the viewer—but a specifically imaginative, not an intellectual, engagement—a willingness to let associations flow freely and to let the play take shape slowly, if at all. After being mentally numbed by many productions—on and off Broadway—that demand nothing more than a modicum of applause, I found that a night with Mabou Mines could be exhilarating. As I left the New York Theater Ensemble, my brain percolating, even the bottle-strewn Bowery looked good.

"The New York Theater Ensemble is a scruffy little theater that houses some of the best and some of the worst avant-garde groups in New York City."

WHETHER OR NOT they dress their characters in long robes and set them among Corinthian columns, most directors who want to reinvigorate the Greek classics usually begin with a desire to be utterly faithful to the original. Andrei Serban, the young Romanian director whose three Greek plays christened the new La Mama Experimental Theater Company Annex this winter, apparently begins with a zealous infidelity, at least to plot and text. Although he uses the originals (the *Medea* of Euripides and of Seneca, *The Trojan Women* of Euripides, and Sophocles' *Electra*), Serban strips the plays to their bare outlines, then re-creates the basic emotional states about which Euripides, Sophocles, and Seneca were writing.

The Trojan Women, the longest and most varied of the three works, is made up of various highly animated incidents: A bare-breasted Cassandra performs a mad dance before she is led into captivity; Helen of Troy is brought in, her hair symbolically shorn, her clothes ripped off, and her body smeared with mud; a Trojan virgin is raped by her lusty Greek captor. These episodes are interspersed with very subdued scenes—some so quiet that they become visual tableaux—of Andromache bathing her son before his death, of a weaver committing suicide, of the Trojan women being transported from their homeland.

While all these highly charged emotional moments re-create familiar emotions—fear, grief, pity, horror, love, despair, hatred—they are distinctly unfamiliar theatrically, in part because the productions upset many of our expectations of what it means to be an audience. In the *Medea*, for instance, the audience follows the actors into a small, dark area, the way lit only by candles, then into a cavernous, rectangular hall; there the play proceeds in a narrow path between banks of audience members seated on benches and on cushions on the floor. In *The Trojan Women*, too, the audience follows a procession of actors into the huge (100 feet by 38 feet by 40 feet) main playing area, where the first part of the play is performed in the spectators' midst: When Helen of Troy is wheeled in, in a tumbrel, the audience quite naturally becomes a crowd of Trojans watching her humiliation.

But the main explanation for the curious sense of theatrical newness at these plays is that they are presented in a rough approximation of the original Greek and Latin, the ancient languages having been distilled into an assortment of unfamiliar sounds—harsh guttural noises and strange consonant blends like *KX* and *PTH*. Under the direction of composer Elizabeth Swados, this language—or anti-language—is rarely spoken: It is sung, whispered, chanted, shouted, and often accompanied by a drum, a flute, or a single bell, so that speech itself serves as a kind of elemental music.

Using a great variety of instruments (including recorder, conch, mandolin, and gamelan) and an equally great variety of tunes reminiscent of everything from Near Eastern folk songs to Greek Orthodox liturgical chants, Ms. Swados creates more than a musical background against which some idea or emotion is presented verbally: Her music and lyrics become the precise expression of that emotion.

When Cassandra's captor leads her off like an animal with a rope around its neck, she repeats three notes over and over again, her voice quivering slightly; when Andromache washes her son's body, she kneels on a ramp above him (the audience stands below them both), wailing a harsh, monotonous, nasal chant, a sustained cry that seems to be ripped from vocal cords raw with weeping. Both scenes are theatrically very simple; yet they are evocations of grief and longing that burn into the memory. More than a month after I had seen *The Trojan Women*, I found it impossible to forget the sound of those laments.

Nor can I forget certain visual images. In one scene a weaver walks up a long

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ramp, plunges a knife into her stomach, then twists in slow circles down the ramp, her hair and gown billowing out around her as if under water, while blue-green lights dapple her drowning body.

IT'S VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE, though, to talk about discrete visual or verbal effects in Serban's work. Much of the impact of the weaver's death scene, for instance, depends on the contrast between the slow, sinuous movements of her body falling, and the steady, light rhythm of flute, drum, and bells, suggesting a graceful underwater dance of liberation, rather than a macabre suicide.

Unlike so many "committee" productions, in which the physical properties, the lighting, the blocking, or the set are at odds with the play itself, apparently designed by experts who never seem to have so much as corresponded about the play, all the physical elements in the *Medea*, *Electra*, and *Trojan Women* are in perfect accord. When Aegisthus descends a ramp in *Electra*, he is the personification of brutality and force: His low, guttural curse, the live snake wrapped around his neck, his heavy body advancing toward Electra in menacing, slow steps—everything about him symbolizes evil.

Serban's plays are also unlike much so-called symbolic drama, which never really establishes the validity of its symbols and therefore remains flat and one-dimensional. These productions work on several levels at once. At the end of *Electra*, the chorus and main characters walk in, each with a handbell of different size and pitch. Instead of detracting from my emotional appreciation of the scene, the fact that I associated the sound of the bells with Christian Easter celebrations added to it: I was put in mind of the ritualistic origins of the *Electra* and of the general connections between all spring rites of cleansing and regeneration.

IN MANY WAYS, Serban is Artaud's perfect *metteur en scène*: He is interested in the mythic aspects of drama, he knows how to realize the theater's physical potential, he talks of appealing to "the intelligence of emotion" rather than to the intellect, and he has created a new language capable of expressing feeling rather than thought. Most important, Serban's productions accomplish something that directors and critics often talk about; something that is, nevertheless, rarely done. Instead of using theater realistically—as a photographic replica of contemporary life, giving us back a catalog of familiar thoughts, incidents, and human characteristics—Serban uses theater as a hazy mirror, reflecting a more elemental, archetypal reality, in which the "classic" emotions—love, hatred, jealousy, rage, pity—regain the massive proportions denied them in much modern, realistic drama.

Because *Medea* has returned once (the original was done at La Mama in 1972), there is reason to hope that all three Serban productions may return to New York again someday. They are currently scheduled to go on tour in Europe in the early summer. As for the Mabou Mines, they perform sporadically, whenever they find a vacant theater. A new animal animation (*The Shaggy Dog*) will probably be ready some time this spring, and there are rumors of a three-play Beckett evening. Anyone sincerely interested in New York's best experimental theater should keep an eye out for these productions, and—in the more distant future—for the return of Andrei Serban. □

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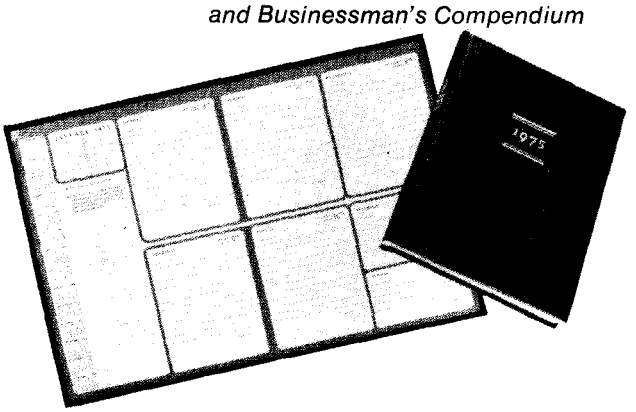

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(Continued from page 10.)

take. I found out it was a front job. I was just supposed to be keeping people from complaining. I really cared about the girls' problems, and the union didn't want that. Like the business of the headsets—a lot of the girls wind up at the doctor's several times a year with those ear infections I was talking about. The men call those complaints petty—but most of the men aren't reservations clerks, and they don't have to wear that gear on their heads.

"When I began hearing about 'women's lib,' my first reaction was that I didn't want any part of it—you know, 'I don't want to burn my bra; I need all the support I can get.' But now I realize I've been a feminist all my life. I get burned up at injustice. When I hear that a shop steward has told a union member she's already making too much money for a woman, I get mad."

The relationship between activists like Mrs. Tucker and Mrs. Graham and women who keep their thoughts about liberation to themselves was evident in a conversation with a 20-year-old clerk who was voting in her first union election. "They wanted to know what you thought about things," she said. "When Jeanne or Karen came around, you knew they were in the same boat. I was, at first, kind of hostile because I heard they were for all that demonstrating and bra-burning. But I'm for the union treating me like a man. What I mean is, I make less money; so it seems the union should work just as hard for me as for men who are making more money. And if that's what women's lib means, well, I'm not against it any more.

"A friend of mine decided to vote in the union election after she had seen Karen. You know, Karen has beautiful silvery-blonde hair, and my friend used to think all women's libbers were ugly and couldn't get a man. Karen and Jeanne are like the rest of us. You know, someone like that Gloria Stein . . . Steinberg—I see her on the TV news sometimes—doesn't seem like a real person to me. But, still, somebody has to do the shouting."

Until recently, most Peorians regarded the women's movement as a freakish, faraway phenomenon that had nothing to do with life in their city. They had formed opinions about the movement to a great extent from national television coverage that tended to treat the early phases of women's lib as a joke. Many Peoria women mentioned the widely publicized feminist demonstration at the 1968 Miss America pageant—which gave rise to the "bra-burning" epithet even though no bra was actually burned—as the only incident they remembered from the early years of the movement.

Local attitudes had changed significantly by the summer of 1973, when the Peoria NOW chapter was organized. The traditional women's magazines played an important role in the change when they began to modify the old formula of recipes, beauty hints, and romantic fiction by adding serious articles about women's rights.

The Peoria NOW chapter has about 80 members, and its membership is more diverse than that of most NOW chapters in large cities. Because there are so few local organizations that openly identify themselves with women's liberation, Peorians tend to equate NOW with the entire movement in a way that people in larger cities do not.

The feminists seem to have attracted more allies in the black community (10 percent of the total population) than they have in larger cities. In small cities people who have quarrels with the Establishment tend to cluster together even if their causes are highly diverse. Michael E. Banks, the black director of Peoria's Community Action Agency, observes that "blacks and all minorities need more allies in a small town where they don't have much political clout. I want Caterpillar to pay for child care for its women workers. So do the feminists. I want a chapter of the National Welfare Rights Organization in Peoria. So do they. The way black folks feel about the women's movement depends on what the movement means in a given place. If it's just for doctors and lawyers, we aren't interested. But if it's for ordinary working people, then we can find common goals."

NOW may be the only formal arm of "the movement" in Peoria, but many of the more traditional women's organizations have become involved in women's issues ranging from abortion to the Equal Rights Amendment. ERA has done more than any other single issue to focus public attention on women's rights. A highly controversial and emotional issue in southern and central Illinois, it has become a rallying point for advocates and opponents of the women's movement.

The most vocal opposition to ERA is uttered by people whose religious convictions are sincerely offended by the idea of equality between men and women. The Peoria area has a strong strain of fundamentalist Protestantism and conservative Catholicism. Once a parking lot attendant noticed a bumper sticker proclaiming "She Is Risen" on a car driven by a woman city employee, and he scratched out the *S* because he felt it was blasphemous.

Shocked by the depth of opposition to ERA, many conservative women who would normally remain aloof from feminist issues have been drawn into the battle. On "ERA Day," which was sponsored by a coalition of groups, including the League of Women Voters, 150 people turned out to hear two women legislators discuss why ERA had been defeated in the past and how they might lobby for its passage in the future.

The luncheon brought together a cross section of people who were concerned about women's rights—evidence that ERA has played a powerful role in arousing the interest of women from conventional small-town church and civic organizations.

Many of the women at the luncheon said that their convictions about feminism had evolved out of their experiences as mothers. Eleanor Hallinan, a Catholic mother of 12 children, was one of the most outspoken of these women. A member of the city council in the small town of Washington, she is one of the few women elected to public office in the Peoria area. Just as Karen Tucker's feminism emerged from her union activities, Eleanor Hallinan's beliefs evolved out of the daily work of raising a large family.

"I'm sure that women's consciousness has always been here; I know that the only difference in me is I've become more vocal in recent years. It's hard for men—my husband has me and seven daughters telling him that sexism is wrong.

"I've seen too many women destroyed

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 26

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 57.*

DG D VOTZ PCO RDB
ICORW DBPIWJBA DG
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by the attitude that your *only* job is to raise children and that if they don't turn out exactly right, the fault is yours and not the man's. I laugh when people say to me, 'You can't be one of those women's libbers, you have 12 children.' Why not? Who knows better than a mother that the dignity of a woman inside the home is inseparable from dignity outside the home?"

Local opponents of ERA emphasize their belief that the amendment will weaken the family, and they frequently suggest that all women supporting equal rights are either unmarried or childless. The most vocal leader of the opposition is Rosemary Thomson, who lives just across the river from Peoria in Morton.

"There are really some radical ideas in the women's-lib movement," says Mrs. Thomson. "The members really do want some things that are against the interests of the home and family as understood in the Judeo-Christian ethic. The Scripture said that man is responsible for taking care of his wife and children. The officially published NOW program, for example, even goes into the right of people to have homosexual marriages. As a practicing Christian, I can't approve of this. I'm afraid ERA would open the door for all of it."

The controversy over ERA is only one example of the relationship between the national women's movement and the rising consciousness of women's lib in Peoria. Peoria employers are most sharply aware of the link between the local push for women's rights and the national movement, because they are affected by the new maze of laws, court decisions, and administrative rulings against sex discrimination on the job. Whether business leaders are reluctant or cooperative, they are being pushed to act just as they were by civil-rights legislation in the Sixties.

Caterpillar, the largest private employer in Illinois, exerts the most important influence on job patterns in Peoria; like most other heavy manufacturing companies, it employs a minuscule number of women in executive and supervisory jobs. Of nearly 3,000 women workers in Peoria, only 19 were classified as officials and managers and 77 as professionals at the beginning of 1974. An overwhelming majority of the women are employed in clerical jobs. Some executives speak with surprising frankness about traditional attitudes toward women at Caterpillar.

W. H. (Win) Foster, manager of systems and product control, volunteered two years ago to direct a management survey of the 250 women employees within the company's industrial division. Foster is described by other executives as something of a maverick, because he has always been interested in improving job opportunities for women. "I think we would have locked Win in the closet 10 years ago when he started talking to a reporter about women's rights," said one executive. "He never had the blind spot about women that most of us have, and so he was ahead of his time."

Foster says he was disappointed, but not surprised, by the results of his management survey. "Only 15 women expressed a desire for upward mobility in their jobs," he recalls. "But that isn't very surprising. The women we interviewed were, for the most part, woefully short on education—only two of them were college graduates. As a company, we hired women for different reasons than we did men. We hired a man because he displayed a possibility for taking on more responsible jobs; we hired women to stay as file clerks.

"We have 50 to 75 people applying for each new job here—the task is to persuade management to deviate from what I call the six-foot white-male standard."

THE COMPANY HAS ESTABLISHED a top-level executive task force for recommending ways of promoting more women from within the organization as well as for stepping up recruitment from the outside. A year ago, Caterpillar began an experimental course in manufacturing fundamentals for women—mainly secretaries—who might want to qualify for jobs that have traditionally been reserved for men. Executives thought that they would have trouble finding enough women volunteers for the course, but so many responded that the company had to organize two weekly sessions instead of one.

In the Caterpillar factories, company officials are much more willing than formerly to approve transfers of women to assembly-line jobs. The women who work on the line are not interested in scoring ideological points for women's liberation; they are interested in making five dollars an hour and in receiving union benefits that are not available to file clerks. "I just find office work boring," says Ruby Austin. "I enjoy working in the shop—I don't think it's any harder on my body than sitting in a chair all day. I don't have anything against office work for other people, but I think everyone should have the choice. That's why I'm for ERA. I don't see what the fuss is about; it's just a matter of fairness."

Robert L. Sutton, chief of employee relations for Caterpillar's industrial division, says only a small minority of women are trying to move out of the file-clerk job ghetto, but the numbers are growing. "There are more women who want to work on the line now than there were five years ago or three years ago or one year ago. We can predict that there will be more next year. The impact of changes in women's thinking is just beginning to hit Peoria."

The concrete advances represented by women found on the assembly line are accompanied by subtle psychological changes, which are difficult to measure.

Last year a writer for the local newspaper, the *Journal Star*, was asked to prepare a list of Peoria citizens who would appear on the "David Frost Show." He made notes about each potential participant for Frost's staff. A lawyer's wife—an old friend of the writer—asked one of Frost's assistants why she and her husband had been asked to appear on the show. He looked at the writer's notation and told the woman, "Well, the slip says that your husband is a brilliant attorney and you're very beautiful."

Sitting in his office, the writer recalled how his woman friend came to him in tears. "She said to me, 'You've known me all these years, and all you can say about me is I'm beautiful.' I was stunned. Of course, this woman is a lot more than beautiful. But there it was—what I had written down was that her husband was brilliant and she was beautiful. Like everyone else, I have a lot of thinking to do." □

WIT TWISTER 39
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 57.

The captain ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
that there should be
Of dirt or stain, ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___, no trace or speck.
The gull, who recognized no law at sea,
Left his ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ on
the upper deck.

A. S.

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SR Education

Affirmative Action in the Academy

The federal government's active effort to eliminate racial, religious, and sexual discrimination in employment through affirmative action programs is a major concern on many campuses today. Much has been written about the subject, and the debate goes on. Certainly, discrimination of any kind is unjust, immoral, and indefensible—it must be eliminated from the American academic scene. But in the process of requiring institutions to submit affirmative action plans for seeking out capable women and minority faculty, many educators have come to believe that the government is threatening the very integrity of the academy. They contend that the government, on threat of withholding federal funds, is imposing quotas that force institutions to make employment decisions on criteria other than pure merit.

Last November, President Derek C. Bok of Harvard University addressed himself to these issues before an N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Educational fund dinner. "I understand these concerns," he said. "No university president can fail to resist any effort to force the hiring of less-qualified persons. Such action would undermine the quality of educational institutions and unjustly prejudice better-qualified applicants from other groups." And then he added, perhaps more optimistically than recent events warrant, "But it is one thing to express concern over problems that *might* arise and quite another to use these fears to justify an effort to undermine the entire affirmative action program. There is no necessity that targets become quotas. . . . In essence, affirmative action simply requires that institutions make special efforts to identify candidates from under-represented groups and that the ultimate choice among candidates be made without regard to race or sex. These obligations do not weaken the quality of personnel; they enhance that quality by forcing institutions to look at a wider range of candidates."

By coincidence, the following day a short opinion piece called "A Quota Is a Quota Is a Quota" appeared on the Op Ed page of *The New York Times*. In it Dr. Sidney Hook, eminent emeritus professor of philosophy at New York University, argued passionately and persuasively for the elimination of both discrimination in our society and the numerical goals required in the guidelines for affirmative action plans. Professor Hook asserted: "If someone says to universities, 'In your hiring practices aim at a *quota* of X percent of blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, women for your staff within the next three years,' the cognitive meaning of the expression is the same as this: 'In hiring, set as your *goal* recruitment of X percent of blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, women within the next three years.' The representatives of HEW confuse themselves and others by insisting that numerical goals are not quotas. . . ."

Certainly, the government's efforts to impose affirmative action plans on the academy have often been crude and insensitive to crucial academic freedoms. It will be necessary to exercise much greater restraint and show more understanding if the distinction between quotas and goals is to become real rather than, as Professor Hook terms it, "a transparent semantic evasion." And yet even men of goodwill have to be reminded constantly of what President Bok characterizes as "the subtle, pervasive flaws in our attitudes toward minority groups—the vast capacity for benign neglect, the easy rationalizations for inaction, and the myriad forms of subtle discrimination that infect many levels of administration throughout our complex institutions." We have a long way to go before the doors of education will truly be open to all.

Few would quarrel with Professor Hook's conclusion: "The best way to overcome disproportions among different groups in the various sectors of employment is to expand the opportunities and facilities of education and, if necessary, to provide subsidies for those willing and able to learn. Where persons are evaluated for fitness to fill specific posts, one standard for all must prevail." But at least two other considerations should be taken into account.

Many areas of study in the scholarly world—in history, sociology, political science, philosophy, and literature, for instance—cry out for investigation from new and fresh perspectives. The special insight and experience that women and members of minority groups would bring to their work would inform not only their teaching but their scholarship as well. Special weight might well be given to the factors that would enhance the quality of an academic department rather than damage it.

In similar fashion, in recent years evidence has accumulated that a great deal of valuable learning takes place outside the classroom—that much of what students learn they learn from other students. Therefore, the better colleges and universities have actively sought more cosmopolitan student bodies, giving weight in the admissions process not just to academic excellence but also to diversity in the geographic, racial, and religious mix of students—the better to prepare them all for living in the contemporary world. And at least some evidence suggests that comparable heterogeneity among faculty members may also be a positive factor in institutions that are preparing youth for life in a pluralist society. The possibility at least deserves consideration.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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On Becoming a Chicano

An American graduate student recalls how he sloughed off his Spanish-Mexican heritage and then painfully rediscovered his Chicano roots.

by Richard Rodriguez

This article was adapted from an essay submitted by the author to an essay contest on graduate school experiences, sponsored by the Wright Institute, Berkeley, Calif.

Today I am only technically the person I once felt myself to be—a Mexican-American, a Chicano. Partly because I had no way of comprehending my racial identity except in this technical sense, I gave up long ago the cultural consequences of being a Chicano.

The change came gradually but early. When I was beginning grade school, I noted to myself the fact that the classroom environment was so different in its styles and assumptions from my own family environment that survival would essentially entail a choice between both worlds. When I became a student, I was literally "remade"; neither I nor my teachers considered anything I had known before as relevant. I had to forget most of what my culture had provided, because to remember it was a disadvantage. The past and its cultural values became detachable, like a piece of clothing grown heavy on a warm day and finally put away.

Strangely, the discovery that I have been inattentive to my cultural past has arisen because others—student colleagues and faculty members—have started to assume that I am a Chicano. The ease with which the assumption is made forces me to suspect that the label is not meant to suggest cultural, but racial, identity. Nonetheless, as a graduate student and a prospective university faculty member, I am routinely expected to assume intellectual leadership *as a member of a racial minority*. Recently, for example, I heard the moderator of a panel discussion introduce me as "Richard Rodriguez, a Chicano intellectual." I wanted to correct the speaker—because I felt guilty representing a non-academic cultural tradition that I had willingly abandoned. So I can only guess what it would have meant to have retained my culture as I entered the classroom, what it would mean for me to be today a *Chicano intellectual.* (The two words juxtaposed excite me; for years I thought a Chicano had to decide between being one or the other.)

Does the fact that I barely spoke any English until I was nine, or that as a child I felt a surge of *self*-hatred whenever a passing teenager would yell a racial slur, or that I saw my skin darken each summer—do any of these facts shape the ideas which I have or am capable of having? Today, I suspect they do—in ways I doubt the moderator who referred to me as a "Chicano intellectual" intended. The peculiar status of being a "Chicano intellectual" makes me grow restless at the thought that I have lost at least as much as I have gained through education.

I remember when, 20 years ago, two grammar-school nuns visited my childhood home. They had come to suggest—with more tact than was necessary, because my parents accepted without question the church's authority—that we make a greater effort to speak as much English around the house as possible. The nuns realized that my brothers and I led solitary lives largely because we were barely able to comprehend English in a school where we were the only Spanish-speaking students. My mother and father complied as best they could. Heroically, they gave up speaking to us in Spanish—the language that formed so much of the family's sense of intimacy in an alien world—and began to speak a broken English. Instead of Spanish sounds, I began hearing sounds that were new, harder, less friendly. More important, I was encouraged to respond in English.

The change in language was the most dramatic and obvious indication that I would become very much like the "gringo"—a term which was used descriptively rather than pejoratively in my home—and unlike the Spanish-speaking relatives who largely constituted my preschool world. Gradually, Spanish became a sound freighted with only a kind of sentimental significance, like the sound of the bedroom clock I listened to in my aunt's house when I spent the night. Just as gradually, English became the language I came not to *hear* because it was the language I used every day, as I gained access to a new, larger society. But the memory of Spanish persisted as a reminder of the society I had left. I can remember occasions when I entered a room and my parents were speaking to one another in Spanish; seeing me, they shifted into their more formalized English. Hearing them speak to me in English troubled me. The bonds their voices once secured were loosened by the new tongue.

This is not to suggest that I was being *forced* to give up my Chicano past. After the initial awkwardness of transition, I committed myself, fully and freely, to the culture of the classroom. Soon what I was learning in school was so antithetical to what my parents knew and did that I was careful about the way I talked about myself at the evening dinner table. Occasionally, there were moments of childish cruelty: a son's condescending to instruct either one of his parents about a "simple" point of English pronunciation or grammar.

Social scientists often remark, about situations such as mine, that children feel a sense of loss as they move away from their working-class identifications and models. Certainly, what I experienced, others have also—whatever their race. Like other generations of, say, Polish-American or Irish-American children coming home from college, I was to know the silence that ensues so quickly

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after the quick exchange of news and the dwindling of common interests.

In addition, however, education seemed to mean not only a gradual dissolving of familial and class ties but also a change of racial identity. The new language I spoke was only the most obvious reason for my associating the classroom with "gringo" society. The society I knew as Chicano was barely literate—in English *or* Spanish—and so impatient with either prolonged reflection or abstraction that I found the academic environment a sharp contrast. Sharpening the contrast was the stereotype of the Mexican as a mental inferior. (The fear of this stereotype has been so deep that only recently have I been willing to listen to those, like D. H. Lawrence, who celebrate the "noncerebral" Mexican as an alternative to the rational and scientific European man.) Because I did not know how to distinguish the healthy non-rationality of Chicano culture from the mental incompetency of which Chicanos were unjustly accused, I was willing to abandon my non-mental skills in order to disprove the racist's stereotype.

I was wise enough not to feel proud of the person education had helped me to become. I knew that education had led me to repudiate my race. I was frequently labeled a *pocho,* a Mexican with gringo pretentions, not only because I could not speak Spanish but also because I would respond in English with precise and careful sentences. Uncles would laugh good-naturedly, but I detected scorn in their voices. For my grandmother, the least assimilated of my relations, the changes in her grandson since entering school were especially troubling. She remains today a dark and silently critical figure in my memory, a reminder of the Mexican-Indian ancestry that somehow my educational success has violated.

Nonetheless, I became more comfortable reading or writing careful prose than talking to a kitchen filled with listeners, withdrawing from situations to reflect on their significance rather than grasping for meaning at the scene. I remember, one August evening, slipping away from a gathering of aunts and uncles in the backyard, going into a bedroom tenderly lighted by a late sun, and opening a novel about life in nineteenth-century England. There, by an open window, reading, I was barely conscious of the sounds of laughter outside.

With so few fellow Chicanos in the university, I had no chance to develop an alternative consciousness. When I spent occasional weekends tutoring lower-class Chicano teenagers or when I talked with Mexican-American janitors and maids around the campus, there was a kind of sympathy—a sense, however privately held—that we knew something about one another. But I regarded them all primarily as people from my past. The maids reminded me of my aunts (similarly employed); the students I tutored reminded me of my cousins (who also spoke English with barrio accents).

"I frankly do not know how my academic autobiography will end. Sometimes I think I will have to leave the campus, in order to reconcile my past and present."

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, I was taught to refer to my ancestry as Mexican-American. *Chicano* was a word used among friends or relatives. It implied a familiarity based on shared experience. Spoken casually, the term easily became an insult. In 1968 the word *Chicano* was about to become a political term. I heard it shouted into microphones as Third World groups agitated for increased student and faculty representation in higher education. It was not long before I *became* a Chicano in the eyes of students and faculty members. My racial identity was assumed for only the simplest reasons: my skin color and last name.

On occasion I was asked to account for my interests in Renaissance English literature. When I explained them, declaring a need for cultural assimilation on the campus, my listener would disagree. I sensed suspicion on the part of a number of my fellow minority students. When I could not imitate Spanish pronunciations or the dialect of the barrio, when I was plainly uninterested in wearing ethnic costumes and could not master a special handshake that minority students often used with one another, they knew I was different. And I was. I was assimilated into the culture of a graduate department of English. As a result, I watched how in less than five years nearly every minority graduate student I knew dropped out of school, largely for cultural reasons. Often they didn't understand the value of analyzing literature in professional jargon, which others around them readily adopted. Nor did they move as readily to lofty heights of abstraction. They became easily depressed by the seeming uselessness of the talk they heard around them. "It's not for real," I still hear a minority student murmur to herself and perhaps to me, shaking her head slowly, as we sat together in a class listening to a discussion on punctuation in a Renaissance epic.

I survived—thanks to the accommodation I had made long before. In fact, I prospered, partly as a result of the political movement designed to increase the enrollment of minority students less assimilated than I in higher education. Suddenly grants, fellowships, and teaching offers became abundant.

In 1972 I went to England on a Fulbright scholarship. I hoped the months of brooding about racial identity were behind me. I wanted to concentrate on my dissertation, which the distractions of an American campus had not permitted. But the freedom I anticipated did not last for long. Barely a month after I had begun working regularly in the reading room of the British Museum, I was surprised, and even frightened, to have to acknowledge that I was not at ease living the rarefied life of the academic. With my pile of research file cards growing taller, the mass of secondary materials and opinions was making it harder for me to say anything original about my subject. Every sentence I wrote, every thought I had, became so loaded with qualifications and footnotes that it said very little. My scholarship became little more than an exercise in caution. I had an accompanying suspicion that whatever I did manage to write and call my dissertation would be of little use. Opening books so dusty that they must not have been used in decades, I began to doubt the value of writing what only a few people would read.

Obviously, I was going through the fairly typical crisis of the American graduate student. But with one difference: After four years of involvement with questions of racial identity, I now saw my problems as a scholar in the context of the cultural issues that had been raised by my racial situation. So much of what my work in the British Museum lacked, my parents' culture possessed. They were people not afraid to generalize or to find insights in their generalities. More important, they had the capacity to

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make passionate statements, something I was beginning to doubt my dissertation would ever allow me to do. I needed to learn how to trust the use of "I" in my writing the way they trusted its use in their speech. Thus developed a persistent yearning for the very Chicano culture that I had abandoned as useless.

Feelings of depression came occasionally but forcefully. Some days I found my work so oppressive that I had to leave the reading room and stroll through the museum. One afternoon, appropriately enough, I found myself in an upstairs gallery containing Mayan and Aztec sculptures. Even there the sudden yearning for a Chicano past seemed available to me only as nostalgia. One morning, as I was reading a book about Puritan autobiography, I overheard two Spaniards whispering to one another. I did not hear what they said, but I did hear the sound of their Spanish—and it embraced me, filling my mind with swirling images of a past long abandoned.

I RETURNED FROM ENGLAND, disheartened, a few months later. My dissertation was coming along well, but I did not know whether I wanted to submit it. Worse, I did not know whether I wanted a career in higher education. I detested the prospect of spending the rest of my life in libraries and classrooms, in touch with my past only through the binoculars nostalgia makes available. I knew that I could not simply re-create a version of what I would have been like had I not become an academic. There was no possibility of going back. But if the culture of my birth was to survive, it would have to animate my academic work. That was the lesson of the British Museum.

I frankly do not know how my academic autobiography will end. Sometimes I think I will have to leave the campus, in order to reconcile my past and present. Other times, more optimistically, I think that a kind of negative reconciliation is already in progress, that I can make creative use of my sense of loss. For instance, with my sense of the cleavage between past and present, I can, as a literary critic, identify issues in Renaissance pastoral—a literature which records the feelings of the courtly when confronted by the alternatives of rural and rustic life. And perhaps I can speak with unusual feeling about the price we must pay, or have paid, as a rational society for confessing seventeenth-century Cartesian faiths. Likewise, because of my sense of cultural loss, I may be able to identify more readily than another the ways in which language has meaning simply as sound and what the printed word can and cannot give us. At the very least, I can point up the academy's tendency to ignore the cultures beyond its own horizons.

February 1974

On my job interview the department chairman has been listening to an oral version of what I have just written. I tell him he should be very clear about the fact that I am not, at the moment, confident enough to call myself a Chicano. Perhaps I never will be. But as I say all this, I look at the interviewer. He smiles softly. Has he heard what I have been trying to say? I wonder. I repeat: I have lost the ability to bring my past into my present; I do not know how to be a Chicano reader of Spenser or Shakespeare. All that remains is a desire for the past. He sighs, preoccupied, looking at my records. Would I be interested in teaching a course on the Mexican novel in translation? Do I understand that part of my duties would require that I become a counselor of minority students? What was the subject of that dissertation I did in England? Have I read the book on the same subject that was just published this month?

Behind the questioner, a figure forms in my imagination: my grandmother, her face solemn and still. □

TEACHERS COLLEGE RECORD examines The Family as Educator

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The Public College Tuition Flap

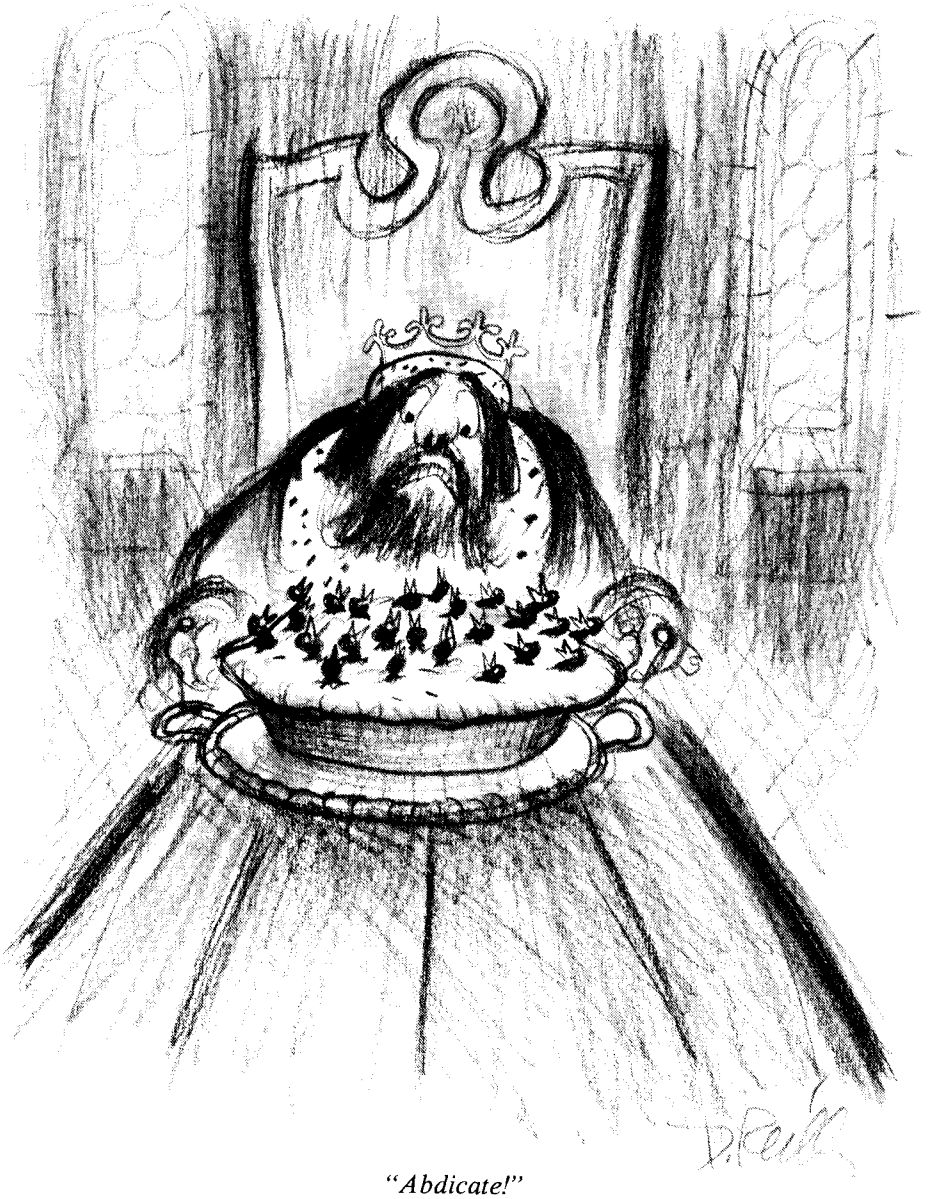
by Robert F. Carbone

Traditionally, publicly supported colleges and universities have charged higher tuition for out-of-state students than for the children of residents of the state. But a 1973 Supreme Court decision has changed the practice dramatically.

In a case raised by two University of Connecticut students who sought, but were denied, resident status, the Court held that colleges and universities may continue to charge higher tuition to non-resident students but that the students must be permitted to earn resident status while they are enrolled. Freezing a student into non-resident status creates what lawyers call "an irrebuttable presumption of non-residence" and is a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, which guarantees equal privileges under the law.

Because the decision was reached shortly before the 1973–74 academic year, it had minimal impact when students returned to campus in the fall of 1973. By the fall of 1974, however, out-of-state students in all public colleges and universities had had ample time to satisfy waiting periods required for establishing residency—one year in most states but as little as six months in others. As a result, some campuses have experienced a sharp increase in the number of students seeking reclassification this past fall, but a survey of 30 colleges and universities reveals unevenness. Major state universities in Texas, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Florida, for example, report large increases in the reclassification requests—as well as in the number granted. Although some of the smaller state colleges report an actual decline in such requests, most report modest increases. Apparently, the difference stems from the fact that general enrollment has declined at state colleges because non-resident tuition charges have increased dramatically in recent years. Enrollment at the major state universities has not dropped significantly despite substantial increases in tuition charges.

As the matter stands now, a great many non-resident students may qualify for in-state tuition rates at the beginning of their second year of study. Because more than 450,000 non-resident students are enrolled in public four-year colleges and universities and tuition differentials of $1,000 per year are not uncommon, the amount of money in-



"Abdicate!"

Robert F. Carbone, professor of higher education at the University of Maryland at College Park, recently completed a book, Alternative Tuition Systems, *published by the American College Testing Program.*

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"Conceivably, students might flock to states with generous scholarship programs, establish residency, plead poverty, and qualify for maximum financial aid."

volved is significant. At the University of Maryland's main campus, for instance, fiscal officers are projecting a loss of $450,000 in their 1975–76 academic year budget.

Because the individual states are primarily responsible for supporting public higher education, it was natural that children of in-state taxpayers were given preferred tuition status and that out-of-staters were charged higher fees. As long as tuition remained low or was nonexistent, as in the public colleges of California and New York, the system worked without apparent difficulty.

In the Sixties, however, the situation began to change. Each year tuition increased as institutions sought to keep up with rising costs. Between 1966 and 1972 tuition for resident students in the major public universities rose from an average of $311 to an average of $517, a 66 percent increase. In the same period non-resident tuition rose nearly 80 percent, from an average of $734 to an average of $1,319.

Meanwhile, most students had achieved adult status under the Twenty-sixth Amendment, which, shortly before the 1972 elections, reduced the voting age required for federal elections to 18. Many state and local governments took similar action or told voting registrars to permit college students to become voters, in some cases even when the students were living in dormitories. It was a time when more students were becoming independent of parental control and many were moving to distant states. Also, students of the period had lost their fear of the "system" and were willing—even eager—to challenge institutional rules and state laws that seemed to work against them. Residency rules were obvious targets of such student concern.

These new student-residency factors are also affecting statewide scholarship and student-assistance programs, but the extent of influence is far from clear. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the non-resident student cannot count the time during which he was enrolled toward the 12-month period required for qualifying for student assistance. Thus that state appears to have established an irrebuttable presumption of non-residence, but to date its action has not been challenged in the courts. In Massachusetts, Maryland, and Wisconsin, on the other hand, out-of-state students can matriculate in a public institution and in one year qualify for both resident tuition rates and state scholarship aid.

Clearly, the dilemma of student residency has serious implications. It calls into question the wisdom of some highly publicized proposals for financing higher education by raising tuition in public institutions and by providing expanded state-aid programs for needy students. If such schemes were implemented, students would flock to states with generous scholarship programs, establish residency, declare themselves independent of their parents, plead poverty (which most students can do rather easily), and qualify for the maximum amount of financial aid available. Certainly, austerity-minded legislators and the taxpayers they represent would not readily accept such a situation.

There is little doubt, then, that the new realities of student residency will have to be taken into account as higher education leaders seek answers to their fiscal problems. The "coming of age" of American college students and the legal mandate that students be afforded equal rights under the law are factors that signal a new day in our thinking about financing higher education. □

"I hope this isn't one of those Marxist-Leninist holdups."

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The Educator's Bookshelf

Math, Writing, and Games by Herbert R. Kohl, New York Review, 252 pp., $2.45; *Learning to Play, Playing to Learn* by Eli M. Bower, Kendra Bersamin, Amy Fine, and Joy Carlson, Behavioral Publications, 158 pp., $4.95.

Reviewed by R. Garry Shirts

Herbert Kohl's *Math, Writing, and Games* is ostensibly about just that, but the more significant theme is the importance of trusting children, valuing their work, and honoring them as persons. Kohl's empathy, honesty, and skill are evident on every page. He is a master teacher able to develop authentic relationships with students in spite of those pressures from school, self, and peers that conspire to make adversaries of all teachers and students.

However, the person looking for a wide variety of new and useful games is likely to be disappointed. The section about writing is designed around such exercises as, "Pretend your paper is a wall," "Write about your block," "A story I could not tell," "A secret letter" —exercises that almost any sensitive teacher could invent and that are suggested by the armload in any number of texts and articles on the art of teaching writing. It is not the writing exercises that make the first part exceptional but, as in Kohl's earlier books, the honest, poignant responses of the children. The math games are, for the most part, variations on a limited number of existing games, such as chess, checkers, and go, that Kohl and his students have invented.

From his selection of games, his references, and his acknowledgements, it is evident that he was not aware of the explosion of value exercises, simulations, and games of the past decade. This oversight might be accounted for by the delay between the time Kohl gathered the material for the book (1962–67 for the section about writing) and the publication date. For whatever reason, the informed reader is likely to be surprised that a book about games with a 1974 copyright is so woefully out of touch with recent developments in American and English schools.

But to judge the book on the basis of the games is to miss the point. Games can be played or *played with*. By far the most difficult skill for adults to acquire is to learn how to play *with* games. Kohl shows us how to let kids mess around with games free of adult expectations, how to help them create rules that reflect their experience and interests, and, more important, how to let them experiment with rule-making—an activity normally reserved for adults.

Kohl's observations about his own feelings and those of the children, combined with his conversational style, make *Math, Writing, and Games* an absorbing, readable book.

Whereas Kohl deals with the intimate day-to-day experiences of using games with children, rarely raising his head long enough to define, categorize, or generalize, Bower and his colleagues, in *Learning to Play, Playing to Learn,* soar among the broadest of generalizations and suppositions as they report on a three-year project designed to discover "the unique and integrative potential" of play. Some of the heuristic questions that form the basis of Bower's unbounded speculations are: Can structuralism as defined by Piaget, Lévi-Strauss, and Gardner help us understand the way games develop and change under different environmental and cultural conditions? What is the difference between a simulation and a game game and an Eric Berne game? Are play and related techniques able to integrate affective, non-rational, libidinal, unbounded thinking with structured, cognitive, reality-bound, rational thinking processes?

I like Bower's willingness to examine some rather unusual and esoteric hypotheses. But the broad, theoretical, "cream off the top" approach tends to lack supporting detail and arguments. So, while the ideas are stimulating, they are rarely convincing. Furthermore, the rather poor organization of the book reduces the impact. The authors acknowledge this fact and suggest that it is to the reader's advantage:

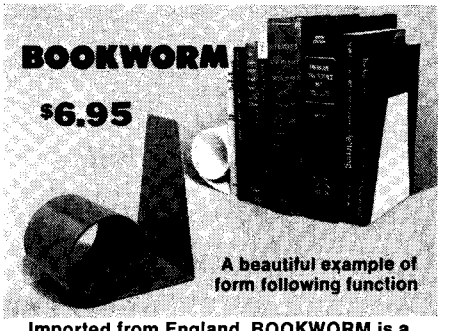
> For those who like coherency and orderly sequence, this document will pose something of a problem or mystery. Look upon it as a potpourri of bits and pieces from a grand smorgasbord of events, experiences, wild thoughts, constant comments, creative beginnings, sad conclusions—all part of a playful three-year learning about play and games. What it means is that one can open to any page and get into any content he or she wishes.

Unfortunately, it does not mean that at all. In no way can the reader get into the content he wants without perusing the entire book. The book has no index and only few useful chapter headings. There are, for example, 17 different games described in Chapter XI under the general heading, "What If—Games to Play With." It appears that the authors have made a virtue out of disorganization to avoid the task of communicating effectively.

The last several chapters present games that the authors have developed or adapted. Unlike Kohl, the authors are on the forefront of the educational-games movement, and their efforts reflect the wide range of recently developed approaches. □

Note: I participated in a workshop sponsored by the "Play" project in 1970, and one of the games included is adapted from one I developed. I have tried not to let this contact influence my judgment of the book.

R. Garry Shirts is director of Simile II at Western Behavioral Sciences Institute, La Jolla, Calif.



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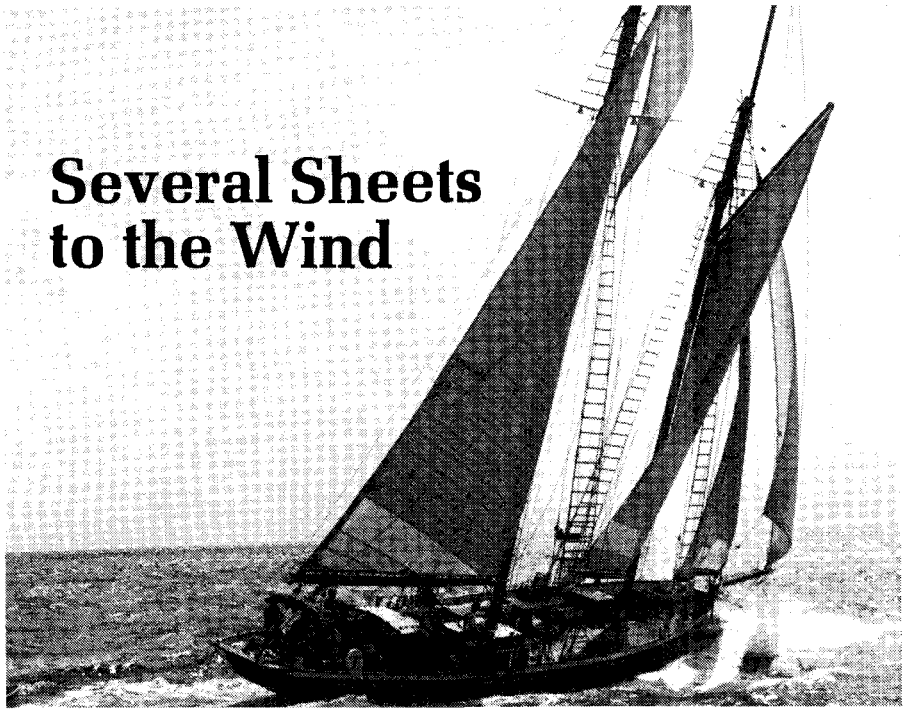

H.S.
Lord Jim under sail—"Whistling past like a thoroughbred that smells the money."

by Horace Sutton

For some years now, while I regaled my maritime-minded friends with tales of splendid retreats strung from the South China Sea to the Emerald Coast of Sardinia, they have assured me that the only true escape lay far beyond the cement hotels and the lacquered land-bound resorts. In a chartered sailing yacht, they assured me, one could ride with the winds to swim in solitude at some deserted, floury beach, to find a palmy, sheltered cove each night, to come ashore by day at some off-trail haven that had never heard the sandy scratch of touristy maracas. The yacht, they said, was a movable marvel, offering constantly changing views and the pleasure of the company of one's choosing. Self-contained, it was at once a bar and restaurant, bedroom, sundeck, and launching platform for snorkeling or a plunge in the turquoise sea.

For a confirmed infantryman (Fort Benning, class of July 1943), I had, with certain lapses here and there, confined my naval experiences to motor-driven craft along the lines of the *France* and the *QE II*, seagoing vessels I could understand. But withal, my friends had presented me with a compelling case, and when the opportunity presented itself recently, I signed aboard a sailing party that would, for three nights and three days, beat its way south through French and British islands of the West Indies.

The party of which I was a member was to sail aboard one of four craft of a flotilla arranged by V. E. B. Nicholson and Sons, which has been chartering yachts in these waters since its principals abandoned England at the end of World War II and emigrated to Antigua.

Too ancient to become a mariner, I asked for quarters aboard the largest of the yachts and drew a berth in the Redonda, a motor-sailer with schooner rig that flies the German flag, is registered in Hamburg, and is skippered by Capt. Andreas Gutschow. A lean, taut salt of 38, he started in the merchant marine at 18 and has been sailing these waters since 1958.

We boarded our boats at Deshaies on the west coast of Guadeloupe, with a plan to lie doggo in the harbor that night and then the next morning to sail southward down the west coast of Guadeloupe toward the tiny archipelago called the Iles des Saintes. There would be a run across 18 miles of open water to Portsmouth on the northwest shore of Dominica and a final 60-mile leg to the snug harbor at Fort-de-France in Martinique.

In all, it would be a sample of what sailing yachts can do, for most start at Antigua and run south clear to the Grenadines, calling at such ports as Bequia, the Tobago Cays, Carriacou, Union Island, and Prune Island. The Nicholson people recommend three weeks if one were to visit all the islands, but they concede the tour could be done in 18 days. Anything less than 10 days, they say, is too rushed. Still, charter rates are quoted in increments of one week, and they don't come cheap. If the price is to be divided among the number of people in the charter party, the least-expensive charter costs $60 a day per person with everything included except liquor.

Redonda charters for $3,200 a week with six passengers and $3,800 with eight. The 48-foot Katrinka, with an English skipper, has room for four passengers and charters for $1,652 for a winter week. The handsome racing yacht Lord Jim, a traditionally rigged schooner, sails with a New England skipper and carries six passengers on a seven-day, seven-night cruise for $3,000.

Skippers are an international confrerie, and while they are only responsible for sailing the ship, the cook they sign on is always the mistress of the galley. The ketch Ferossimo, its interior finished in French modern design, prints its brochure in French and advertises *la bonne table française* as well as *les spécialités exotiques*. The fare at table is as important to charterers as the seamanship of the crew.

Aboard Redonda, the queen of the kitchen is Elke Gutschow, a reformed farm girl from the village of Rösthusen in Schleswig-Holstein, who signed aboard a Florida-bound ship at 18 and later became a hostess on the Hanseatic. Andreas met Elke when she cared for the needs of the 12 passengers carried on a cargo ship on which he was a mate. The Gutschows bought Redonda in 1967, refitted her in Hamburg, and sailed her across the ocean to the charterer's nest in English Harbor, Antigua.

Elke learned to cook on the farm, first following her mother's German style and then exploring more worldly cuisines as she traveled. On our first night aboard Redonda, she wowed the customers by producing a mammoth beef Wellington out of what is at best a closet-sized galley. For an encore, the next night, she brought forth sweet-and-sour pork, Chinese style, and for a finale, the third night, roast turkey, cranberries, and stuffing American style. For that last dinner, Andreas dimmed the salon lights while Elke sent out bananas flambé. At lunch there were quiches and pizzas, and at breakfast, eggs done at short order, any style. There was never a dumpling or a snippet of sauerbraten in sight.

It was all done in great amplitude. Added to that was a certain spirit of ad-

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venture, foraging ashore for fruits and vegetables, searching the scruffy village of Portsmouth for sugar, on which we were low, and bread from the local bakery. At the French islands one could take on cheeses and *pâtés* and wine. Small boys in battered rowboats would come to shipside with fresh avocados, island oranges, and a curious green squash called christophine.

One could, as we did, put the Boston whaler over the side and explore Dominica's Indian River, the small boat skimming under the looping Tarzan vines, skirting the palms and banyan trees. In Portsmouth one could contemplate the butcher shop that was advertising cow tail and pig feet the day I was ashore there, or invade the Super Live Bar and Restaurant, a roisterer's den in town. An outdoor nightclub at the shore's very edge rounds up a steel band when the yachts are in the harbor, and it can, on order, produce a belly dancer who, for a finale, plucks some hapless soul out of the crowd of part-time yachtsmen for a ribald *pas de deux*. There was never a hint of the Dreads, the terrorists who have harassed white travelers in the area of Roseau, the capital.

This life at sea and ashore is a different experience, though it may not be to the taste of confirmed infantrymen. The quarters are small, the toilets have to be pumped, and when the sea churns, one must hold on or flop flat on a mattress pad. Sleeping on deck has its romantic aspects, except when a sudden squall materializes out of a sky that sparkled with stars as one fell asleep. Then there is a mad dash, while one stumbles over sleeping bodies in the dark, to store gear and get below. Even so, there were for me, anyway, fleeting moments of exhilaration with the Redonda under sail, and Lord Jim, all canvas filled with trade winds, taking us to port and whistling past like a thoroughbred that smells the money and puts on the speed in the homestretch. Finally, there was the sail down the coast of Martinique and the arrival in the harbor at Fort-de-France. Yachts, including the Club Méditerranée's black-hulled Vendredi 13, were everywhere, and soon skippers from other boats were coming alongside to exchange stories and greetings. For Redonda it was like the Wednesday meeting of the Rotary Club.

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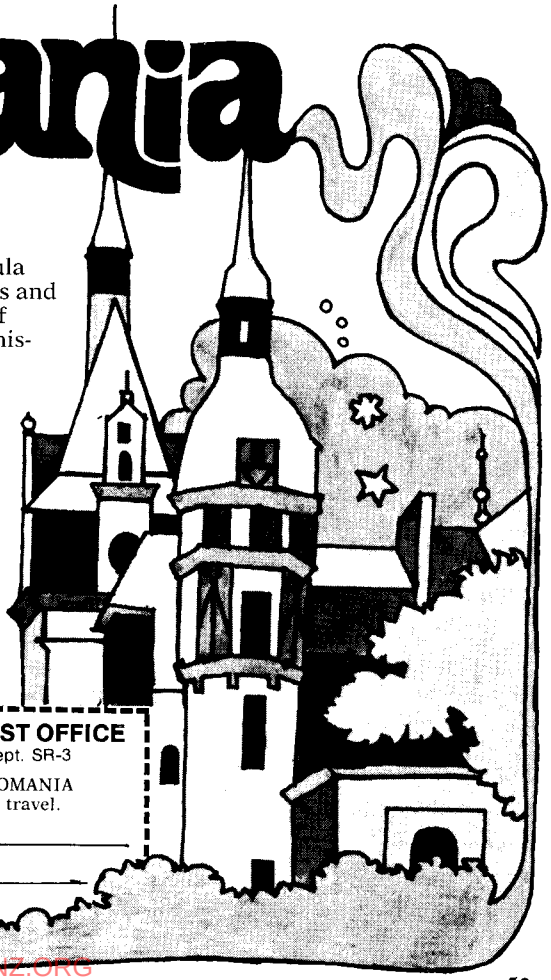

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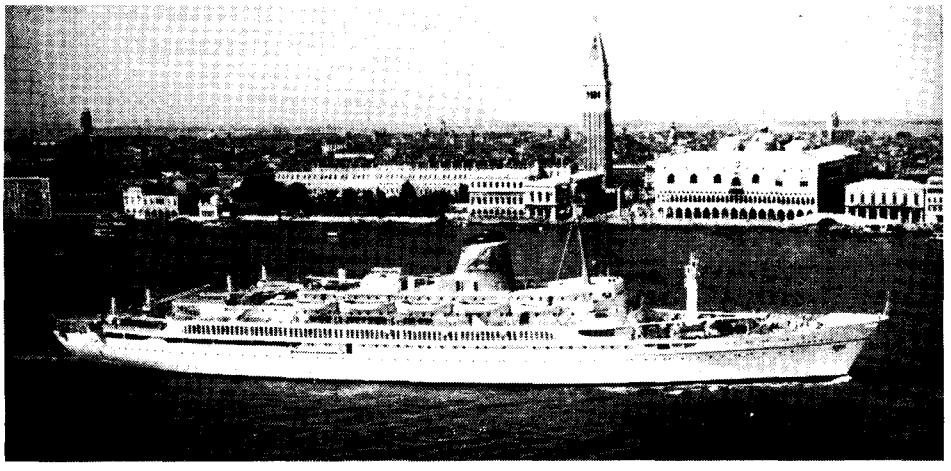

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It was just 26 years ago, on New Year's Day, that the Nicholsons, aboard their 70-foot schooner Mollihawk, sailed into Antigua. Commander Nicholson and his two sons, Rodney and Desmond, having been demobilized in England, bought the yacht instead of a house and were determined to take her to Australia and establish a new life.

But in Antigua they brought Mollihawk into English Harbor, an abandoned port that had been used by Horatio Nelson 200 years before. There were still heavy cannon lying about, and if the only inhabitants were bats and lizards, the stout brick buildings seemed, at least to the Nicholsons, to be alive with the ghosts of pigtailed sailors and smart naval officers.

The Nicholsons moved into the old paymaster's office and set about refitting Mollihawk for the voyage through the Panama Canal and on to Australia. In those early West Indian days, there were few hotels on the islands, and air service between the islands was spotty. The wealthy Americans who were building homes at the new Mill Reef Club took to chartering the Mollihawk with Commander Nicholson as skipper and sons Rodney and Desmond as crew. Soon, a second yacht was added, and Commander Nicholson moved ashore to handle the bookings. The Friends of English Harbor was organized to restore Nelson's old haven, its patrons including Lady Churchill, Prince Philip, and Princess Margaret. Rodney married a cruising college student, Julie Pyle, and Desmond married Lisa Dodd, of the Dodd Mead family, the daughter of one of his charter parties. Both Lisa and Julie signed aboard their husbands' yachts as cooks. When the children came, the families moved ashore and turned Nelson's old engineering workshop into a hotel called Admiral's Inn.

Both Desmond and Rodney have built houses on hills above English Harbor. Like two beached salts, they watch the arrivals of their charter yachts through two-foot-long binoculars. As for Commander and Mrs. Nicholson, they keep house in the old powder magazine that was the storehouse for Nelson's ships of the line. If things around Antigua get too commercial, they just might—so they say—get on a yacht for Australia. □

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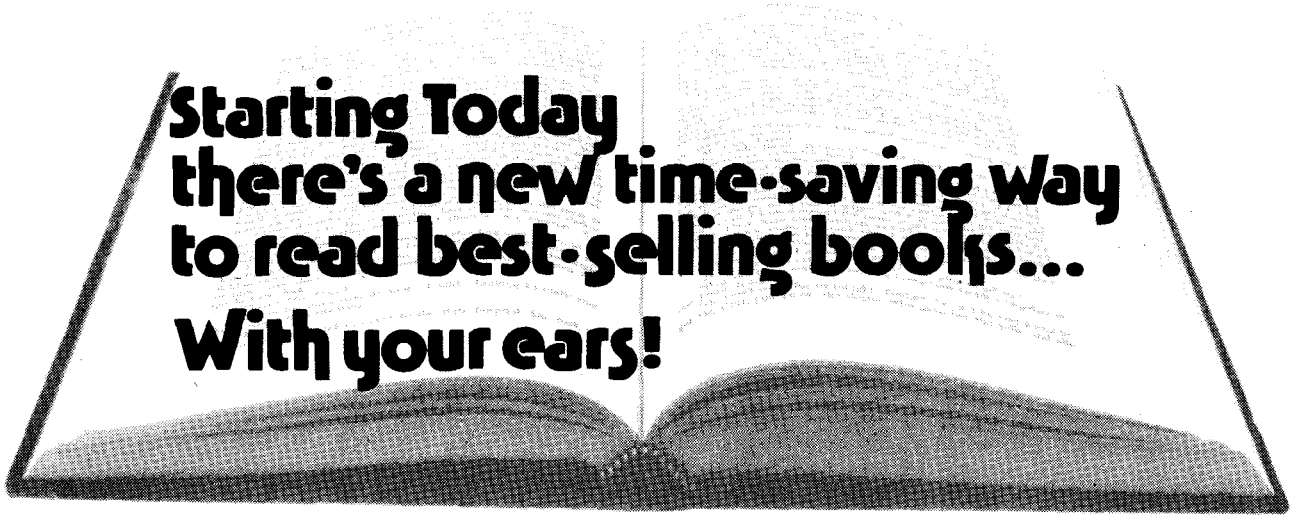

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by Thomas H. Middleton

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15 D	16 T	17 O	18 S	19 R	20 A	21 C	22 M	23 Q		24 E	25 Q	26 G	27 K	28 C	29 B	
30 T	31 S	32 L	33 I	34 A	35 G	36 R	37 K	38 E	39 J	40 C	41 B	42 M	43 U		44 J	45 M
46 E	47 P		48 L	49 H	50 D	51 C	52 G	53 T		54 A	55 P	56 I	57 N	58 M	59 S	60 J
61 K	62 E	63 R	64 O		65 M	66 J	67 N	68 I	69 E	70 L	71 K		72 O	73 R	74 C	
75 H	76 I	77 E	78 P	79 A	80 R	81 G	_	82 K	83 N	84 T	85 L	86 Q	87 M	88 C	89 S	
90 R	91 J	92 N	93 A		94 T	95 G	96 H		97 N	98 Q	99 E	100 R	101 G	102 C		103 H
104 M	105 O	106 F	107 G	108 L		109 R	110 B		111 A	112 O	113 C		114 F	115 T	116 K	117 M
118 J	119 B		120 I	121 N	122 F	123 C	124 M	125 T	126 E	127 H	128 Q	129 K	130 R	131 S		132 H
133 T	134 F		135 H	136 B	137 U	138 K	139 G	140 L	141 R	142 M	143 A		144 J	145 N	146 E	147 U
148 L	149 B	150 C		151 R	152 P		153 G	154 N	155 Q		156 K	157 F	158 B	159 M		160 U
161 C	162 K	163 T	164 E	165 L	166 Q	167 G	168 O	169 H	170 R		171 M	172 A	173 U		174 E	175 J
176 K	177 C	178 S	179 L		180 T	181 B	182 F		183 U	184 B	185 H		186 D	187 H	188 J	189 R
190 A	191 E	_	192 M	193 N	194 B	195 O	196 Q	197 G		198 D	199 O	200 G	201 T	202 M		203 H
204 M	205 B		206 O	207 M	208 C	209 J	210 U		211 M	212 A	213 G	214 D	215 U	216 B		

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've *never* solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed *in the upper-right-hand corners* of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Areas on which armorial *bearings are depicted*	3 20 34 79 111 143 172 190 212 54 93
B. Shrubs or trees having showy pink, purple, or white flowers	136 184 194 205 14 29 41 110 119 149 158 181 216
C. Crossroads	21 28 40 74 88 102 113 161 177 208 51 123 150
D. Small fragments	186 2 15 50 198 214
E. Foretaste	24 38 46 62 77 126 164 174 191 69 99 146
F. Discarded as no longer of use	114 122 157 106 134 182
G. "It _____: pray you, avoid it," says Hamlet (comp. & wd.)	200 213 10 35 81 139 153 197 52 95 107 167 26 101
H. White, crystalline, water-insoluble hydrocarbon, usually obtained from *coal tar*	127 135 75 103 132 187 203 49 96 169 185
I. Jakob Ludwig Karl and Wilhelm Karl, German folklorists	56 68 76 120 4 33
J. Pianist, composer, singer (1904–43; "Honeysuckle Rose"; full name)	144 188 209 39 44 60 66 91 118 175
K. Able to subsist on a wide variety of foods	176 27 61 71 82 138 37 116 129 162 156
L. Positions	48 70 85 140 165 32 108 148 179
M. He was thrice Lord Mayor of London (full name)	192 42 65 207 87 9 22 159 211 45 58 124 142 204 117 171 104 202
N. Abnormal fear of crowds	83 97 11 154 193 92 57 121 7 145 67
O. At once	195 105 199 17 64 206 168 72 112
P. European polecat	152 55 78 13 47
Q. Admonished	98 196 86 128 166 25 23 155
R. "Where_____, and spectre-thin, and dies" (3 wds.; Keats, "Ode to a Nightingale"	19 109 100 141 73 170 80 151 36 63 130 90 189 5
S. Involved deeply	1 6 59 178 18 131 31 89
T. American novelist (1903–40; *A Cool Million*; full name)	30 115 53 133 125 16 180 8 163 201 12 84 94
U. Small Old World carnivores related to the civets	147 210 43 173 137 183 215 160

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 65* appears on page 26.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Ain't We Got Fun?

Some time ago, I mentioned that there are a good number of people who object to the use of *aren't I?* for *am I not?* This reaction was surprising to me because I would have thought that virtually everyone would be willing by now to accept *aren't I?* as a legitimate phrase. I don't want to belabor the issue, and I bring it up only because the *aren't I?* brouhaha supplied the impetus for this column.

In the *Light Refractions* in which I first broached this relatively unimportant problem (*SR/W*, July 13, 1974), I said, "I'd like to see *ain't* given legitimate status." Since then, I've had several letters asking, in essence, "What's wrong with *ain't*?"

In giving second thoughts to *ain't*, I turned to Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. He says, "*A(i)n't* is merely colloquial, and as used for *isn't* is an uneducated blunder and serves no useful purpose. But it is a pity that *a(i)n't* for *am not*, being a natural contraction and supplying a real want, should shock us as though tarred with the same brush."

The *Oxford English Dictionary*, under *ain't*, refers us to *an't*, where it says, "contraction of *aren't*, *are not*; colloquially for *am not*; and in illiterate or dialect speech for *is not*, *has not* (*hadn't*). A later and still more illiterate form is AINT."

So that's what's wrong with *ain't*: It's an illiterate, uneducated blunder. In other words, it's wrong because it's bad English, and the reason it's bad English is that everyone *knows* it's bad English.

I'm going to take back what I said about wanting to see *ain't* given legitimate status. Not that that makes any difference. A word isn't given legitimate status by a vote based on someone's motion, but by a subtle consensus—by its being used by the bulk of literate people for approximately the same purpose. That's what piques linguistic conservatives. Look at that old devil *hopefully*. It seemed as though *hopefully*, almost suddenly, like a mushroom that grows overnight, meant "it is hoped that." Purists can mumble—or even shout—that *hopefully doesn't* mean "it is hoped that." But it's a fact that one of the meanings—by now probably the principal meaning—of *hopefully is* "it is hoped that," and if we don't accept that fact without grumbling, we're wasting time and energy.

Back to *ain't*. I'm glad *ain't* is an illiterate, uneducated blunder. As such it has great value. It is paradoxical. *Ain't* is used from time to time by almost all literate people—in the United States, at least. Here's where I part company with Fowler. When he says *ain't* serves no useful purpose, he is mistaken. The useful purpose of *ain't* is to be "bad" English. It's almost naughty, and it adds levity, color, and fun to the language.

Ian Carmichael, as Lord Peter Wimsey on television, uses *ain't* frequently. I don't remember that Dorothy L. Sayers had Lord Peter saying *ain't* in her novels, although he—rather affectedly, it seems to me—habitually dropped his final *g*s. I've heard that the use of *ain't* was an affectation among upper-class Britons during the period just after the first World War; so I guess Ian Carmichael figured that if Lord Peter was the type to drop his final *g*s, he might as well also say *ain't*. I suppose the use of *ain't* by upper-class Englishmen is comparable to the purchase of patched blue jeans at exorbitant prices in today's high-fashion marts.

(I just realized that there are dozens of Dorothy L. Sayers fans out there who are much better versed in the ways of Lord Peter Wimsey than I, and I'm sure to get baskets of mail pointing out at least half a dozen books in which the original Lord Peter says *ain't*.)

Popular-song lyrics would be immeasurably poorer without *ain't* in all its disrepute: "Ain't Misbehavin'," "I Ain't Got Nobody," "It Ain't Necessarily So," "Ain't It a Shame About Mame." And can you imagine "Don't We Have Fun?" or "Haven't We Got Fun?" or "We don't have a barrel of money"? "It Don't Mean a Thing if You Ain't Got That Swing" has both *it don't* and *you ain't*—both invaluable aids to discovering what is really meant in a sentence employing our old friend the double negative. It's my feeling that "It doesn't mean nothing" means just the opposite of "It don't mean nothing," just as "I haven't done nothing" sounds like a defense against charges of frittering away one's time, while "I ain't done nothing" is certainly a defense against charges of wrongdoing.

Ain't has a very special function in English. It is not easy to define, but I wouldn't want to mess with it. Its glory lies very much in its disrepute. □

Answer to *Literary Crypt No. 26* (see page 43): As a rule you can touch anything as long as you put on the proper gloves. Heinrich Heine

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 44): posited, topside, deposit.

"Who gets the number three?"

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Ah, That School System

Dear Mr. Ciardi:

I have picked your poetry as a project in my English class. I am a senior at [illegible] High School in [expletive deleted] New Jersey. Looking through various reference books, I have found some of the desired information. There is one question that I must answer which I cannot find and I thought if I asked you, you would be able to supply the answer.

The question is, Have you ever written a poem which reflects any part of your life? This wasn't mentioned in any of the reference books. I thank you for your trouble.

Sincerely,
Jane Doe

Dear Miss Doe:

I can tell by your letter that you are sensitive to learning (and to grammar), and that you have the highest respect for reference books. Since I share that respect, let me assure you that I would never allow myself to write about anything not mentioned in a reference book. The rule is: What is not referred to does not exist. I hope I will never be guilty of the frivolity of writing about what does not exist.

You seem to have grasped these truths early in your career, and you are to be congratulated. Alas, it took me many years to come to them. At your age I used to reflect parts of my life all over everything. In those days I was a pussy-willow poet, a subject that came naturally to me, for my family had raised pussy willows for many generations. I am sorry to confess that I reflected pussy willows in everything I did, and with a lack of reticence I still blush for. Then came adversity. I was forced off the ancestral pussy-willow plantation by the great dog blight of '63, the very year my cousin Eddie got the poison ivy all over him and was forced to resign from the ministry. (It was the way he got the rash all over himself after the revival meeting that made the congregation fire him and expel Sister Beulah, who was also rashed all over.) In any case, I was forced to reexamine my premises.

I hope these background notes are not too personal and that they do not reflect on anyone or anything. I managed to put my beloved pussy willows out of my mind except in moments of private reflection I would never dream of mentioning in a poem. I think I was guided most by the words of my granddaddy. "The things that can happen under a pussy willow," he said, "are not to be blabbed about." Luckily, none of my pussy-willow poems were ever published, and I am free to draw the veil of silence over them.

My new subject is laminated shims. I know nothing about them except that mechanics use them in setting levels for certain equipment. That, and the fact that they are brilliantly colored (which is beautiful), the colors being a code to indicate the thickness of each shim (which is practical). Practicality and beauty, I submit, are the essence of art. I write about laminated shims in Pindaric odes, about which I also know nothing. In this way my ignorance acts as my safeguard against becoming too personal, and I am free to strive for an art as unreflective as a reference book.

I hope this (essentially impersonal) statement of the facts will answer your question. May I add, as a further impersonal statement of fact, that you are lucky in being guided by a teacher with so little of his or her own life and mind to reflect upon you, a teacher able to direct you to the right question and to the right reference books without demanding that you waste your time reading poems. I don't know how some poets can bear the thought that someone might actually read one of their poems and perhaps see right through it to everything they have been trying not to reflect. It does slip out, you know. It is because of such possible slippage that many poets live in terror and die young. I can assure you that no one is going to see through my Pindarics and laminated shims to the secret me. I do not understand them myself and mean to live in the safety of my ignorance, as I sense you do.

Why get involved? You have shown that you are too sensitive to get involved. Your teacher has shown that he or she is not going to get involved in education. I approve.

This agreement in principle will explain why I write this letter but do not mail it. You did not enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Were I to mail this reply, you would owe me 10 cents, and I know you would not want to get involved to the point of personal indebtedness.

Let me, nevertheless, express my generalized civic approval of your carefully considered question and of the school system that has honed your mind to so fine an intellectual edge. I hope you will continue to reflect many good poems exclusively through your reference books, and so take your eventual place in society at exactly its own level.

Yours with every appropriate lack of personal feeling.

John Ciardi □

"Mr. Carver is out. This is his best friend."

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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O.E.C.D. Revises View of Growth; E.C. Takes "Definite Steps"

The Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development was created 14 years ago with the central objective of maximizing economic growth. Hence few international institutions have had to make more difficult adjustments in recent years, and—on the whole—few have done better. Ultimately, of course, the performance of the O.E.C.D. in the field of environment can be no better than that of its 24 member nations, representing virtually all the industrialized nations outside the Communist orbit. But since the O.E.C.D. created an Environment Committee in 1970, the evolution in the thinking of the ministers and the states they represent has been quite extraordinary.

Earlier this winter the Environment Committee met at the ministerial level to adopt a new Declaration of Environmental Policy and to make strong recommendations on 10 varied issues. They also examined a no-nonsense, non-bureaucratic paper by the secretary-general of O.E.C.D., Emile van Lennep of the Netherlands, on major environmental policy issues for the next 10 years and the possibilities for concerted action.

In the light of the original purposes of O.E.C.D., this sample paragraph from the declaration is significant:

> The improvement of the environment should reflect and promote a new approach to economic growth that will take into account all components of the quality of life and not only the quantity of goods produced. Therefore, economic and social development policies must be pursued in close connection with sound environment policies, in order to ensure a balanced contribution to the improvement of human well-being.

The recommendations—spelled out in considerable detail and approved unanimously—urged member countries, among other things, to:

- Assess the potential environmental effects of chemicals and chemical products before marketing ("contamination of the environment by cumulative pollutants is of particular concern because of the insidious nature of the process and the difficulty of correcting any damage that may have occurred").
- Require environmental-impact statements for "significant public *and private* projects" (italics added).
- Consider a tax on noisy aircraft and the labeling of the sound characteristics of noisy products.
- Apply "the best available abatement techniques" for sulphur oxides and particulate matter (and with no hedging language about costs).
- Reduce the eutrophication of surface waters (with instructions to member countries to report within a year on what they have done).
- Integrate environmental and energy policies so that there is no sacrifice of environmental protection.
- Develop a more equitable balance between rights and obligations of states with regard to pollution crossing international borders, including the right of those affected to have the same standing in judicial or administrative proceedings in the country where the pollution originates as do citizens of that country.

PAPER DRIVE

The Russians have long asserted the superiority of their Socialist system in matters environmental, and now perhaps they have a point. The Soviet state publishing company is re-issuing seven out-of-print books, which can be purchased only with delivery by the customer of 44 pounds of waste paper for each volume desired. Since the print order for each title is 500,000, it is estimated that 70,000 tons of paper may be salvaged for recycling, against an outlay of 1,500 tons for the reprint editions. One way of accumulating 44 pounds of paper is to buy, at slashed prices, remaindered books or to return those propaganda treatises that were never read.

Meanwhile, the European Community appears to have made a modest breakthrough toward implementing the high principles it has previously adopted for the protection of the environment. The Council of Ministers of the nine member states has agreed to a detailed directive prohibiting the discharge of waste oil anywhere in the environment. Henceforth, waste oil must be either re-refined or burned without exceeding prescribed levels of air pollution. Enterprises responsible for collection and disposal of waste oils must be supervised by the state, and reports must be submitted annually to the commission (the secretariat for the community) on the results achieved and any technological developments. However, member states have two years in which to comply with the directive.

At the same meeting, the Council of Ministers gave greater precision to the "polluter pays" principle, adopted common criteria for the classification and treatment of surface waters used for drinking, and approved a preliminary report on environmental considerations in energy production—especially nuclear energy.

In reporting the meeting, the com-

Knowledge of Insects: A Key to African Development

To an exceptional degree, the history of Africa has been shaped by insects. Carriers of sleeping sickness, nagana, East Coast fever, malaria, filariasis, and many other diseases, as well as predators, such as locust and armyworm, influenced the rise and fall of empires in pre-colonial times, determined where the white man settled, and made some parts of the continent uninhabitable. At least 300 insect species are said to be of crucial importance in the development of tropical Africa.

The International Centre of Insect Physiology and Ecology in Nairobi began in 1972 to study five groups of insect pests—tsetse flies, the yellow-fever-carrying mosquito, ticks (which carry East Coast fever and swine fever), termites, and armyworms, which feed on crops. With a scientific staff of 40 under the direction of Dr. Thomas Odhiambo, the center has already established itself as one of the most highly regarded research organizations in the developing world.

One area of promising research is the chemical language, or pheromones, by which termites communicate. With proper understanding of how these perfume-like substances are created, secreted, and sensed by responding termites, it may be possible to interfere with their communication. "If a breakthrough is made here," says Dr. Odhiambo, "it will be a major event, since other social insects, and indeed all insects, in a variety of ways employ a distinctive chemical communication system."

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mission referred to these developments as the "first definite steps toward all-European action on the environment" and seemed euphoric about the results. This suggests how many steps have so far been "indefinite" and how far the community still has to go in adopting and applying uniform rules for environmental protection.

Things Are Looking Up

In the new Congress that convened last month, and in statehouses across the country, the cause of environmental protection has been strengthened as a result of the elections. Among gubernatorial and congressional candidates actively supported by environmental organizations, nearly 80 percent were successful.

Of *Environmental Action*'s "Dirty Dozen" (the 12 influential House members deemed to have the worst environmental record), eight were defeated, either in the primaries or the election. In eight House races where the League of Conservation Voters gave financial support to the challengers, five incumbents were unseated. Equally significant, in six tight contests in the House and Senate, where the league threw its support to the incumbent, all won, including four Republicans.

Another measure of success is based on the league's pre-election study of the voting records of all 100 Senators on 21 important environmental issues. Deducting points for absences, the senators were scored from 0 to 100. The average for the Senate was 51, but the average for the 12 senators who resigned or were defeated in November was 39. This score would have been a lot lower were it not for three good environmentalists who decided not to run—Hughes of Iowa, Metzenbaum of Ohio, and Aiken of Vermont—the only departing senators who scored above the Senate average.

Governors more environmentally concerned than their predecessors have entered office in Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico, New York, and Wyoming. Only in Kentucky and Ohio were environmentalists seriously disappointed by the outcome in gubernatorial races.

The fate of ballot propositions bearing on the environment was mixed; they more often failed where large sums of money were involved. But anyone who maintains that the environmental movement is hopelessly on the defensive hasn't been reading the election returns.

Global Report

Rome—The island of Montecristo, which lies midway between Corsica and the Italian mainland, was decreed a nature reserve three years ago so that it would be protected from tourists and developers. In the words of a correspondent of *The Times* (London), "It has been regarded as a pearl of Italian ecological policy, all the more valuable because of its rarity."

But nearly everything has gone wrong. In place of people, wild goats, rabbits, and rats have taken over the island and are destroying the vegetation. The desolation is being compounded by the rampant spread of the Chinese ailanthus plant, which was introduced to the island at the end of the last century and is now out of control because it is inedible—even for goats. Worst of all, a collapse in the insect population is causing migratory birds to die of hunger.

London—Half the total energy consumed in Britain is used to make buildings habitable—possibly the highest proportion of all industrialized countries. If British homes seem cold and drafty, it is apparently not because the English are careful with fuel but because they are careless about insulation. According to an exhibit "Warmth Without Waste" at the Design Centre here, "The typical British home throws away 75 percent of the energy used for heating. If houses built in the United Kingdom in the Sixties and Seventies had required 50mm roof and wall insulation, the nation's fuel bill would be reduced by £ 143 million." Fifty millimeters is only two inches.

Basildon, England—The Deposit of Poisonous Wastes Act of 1972 provided heavy penalties for waste disposal that might cause "environmental hazards." As a result, scores of local authorities started carting their toxic wastes hundreds of miles to the few dumps that were deemed safe. The largest of these was here at Pitsea (another smaller site nearby is called Mucking), 1,300 acres of Essex marshes 32 miles east of London. Since 1971, the dumping of toxic wastes at Pitsea has increased from 3 million gallons annually to nearly 70 million gallons. The local citizenry is up in arms.

What makes Pitsea special, and now the largest dump in Britain, is its 100-foot-thick underlayer of impervious clay, which is believed to prevent seepage to the water table below. Redland Purle, the country's largest waste disposer and manager of Pitsea, insists the dump is absolutely safe and appears to have considerable evidence to back up its statement. But no one else has conducted any tests, and the local city and county councils are not taking Redland Purle's claims on faith.

Almost everyone is agreed on two points: A radical reduction in the use of Pitsea would mean that many communities would be "swamped in their own muck"; and, second, hauling toxic wastes up to 600 miles by tanker truck is both dangerous and ridiculously extravagant of fuel.

Belize, British Honduras—Most stories of sudden community wealth involve oil or minerals. But the village of San Pedro, on the Ambergris Cay, off this Caribbean coast, has gone from rags to riches by doing what it has always done—fishing. What made the difference was the decision of San Pedro's 170 fishermen to form a cooperative, and the insatiable demand in the eastern United States for seafood, especially lobster, which can no longer be supplied by New England fishermen.

Within three years, the cooperative had bought and paid for two giant freezers with a capacity of 90,000 pounds—approximately the amount that the cooperative ships monthly to U.S. distributors. Now the poorest fisherman has an income in five figures, and year-end bonuses may go above $20,000 for those who have brought in the most fish. So far, San Pedro has hardly changed, but plans are afoot for a resort hotel and an airline to the mainland.

Hoboken, Belgium—The people of this small town near Antwerp were warned last summer not to eat any local produce—not even the fruits and vegetables they themselves had grown. After 16 horses and calves had died, it was found that the soil in the area contained alarming quantities of lead, cadmium, mercury, zinc, and copper—in some cases more than 100 times the acceptable level.

The source of the pollution is the Hoboken-Overpelt non-ferrous metalworks, owned by Belgium's huge Societé Generale. Four tall stacks pour out mineral gases over a large housing development as well as over acres of farmland. Although the company has now agreed to install new filters in its chimneys, even worse pollution is believed to seep from waste material lying out in the open.

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